DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

The Most Astounding Bargain Ever Offered! See Page iv. next.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXX. No. 788. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1921. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Illustrated List Post Free. Send p.c. for it to BARBOURS, LTD., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields, England.

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Gives instant relief from *Catarrh, Asthma*, etc.
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Send to-day for this free illustrated Catalogue of gifts given in exchange for front panels of

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The best 10 for 6d. Virginia Cigarette made is now produced on the new Baron Machine, the wonder of the world. The saving it effects is too small on each package to permit of any price reduction, but sufficient to enable us to give handsome and useful gifts. A new illustrated list containing about 100 illustrations of free gifts for men, women and children has just been issued and will be sent post free on application.

CARRERAS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), City Road, London, E.C.

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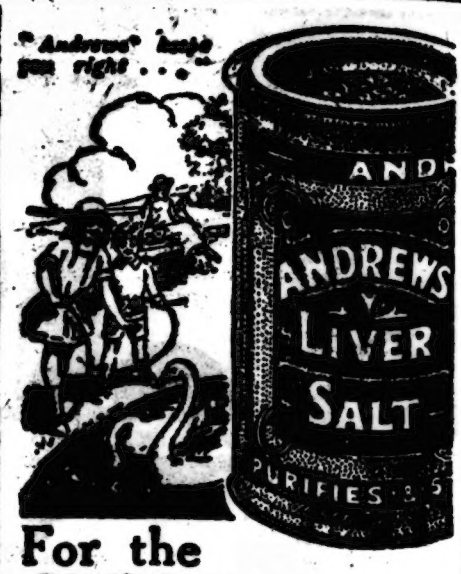

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For the Children *and* their Parents

"*Daddy, what about our 'Andys'?*" —said a little 5-year-old to her father the other day.

The father is one of the North's big men, and a regular user of Andrews' *himself*. He recounted the incident in a recent letter and we make mention of it here to remind you—that Andrews' is the simple, reliable *family* medicine with a quarter of a Century's repute. It benefits each *member* of the family. And the Children like it—no persuasion is necessary to bring the little ones within its correcting sphere.

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reach the highest point of constructional dependability and all-round excellence. The finest cycle value on offer and the embodiment of British cycle perfection. Light, easy running. Warranted 10 years.

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More economical to use than soap, and twice as effective. "Gre-Solvent" is indispensable in every household for thoroughly cleansing dirty Pots, Pans, Baths, Woodwork, etc.

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In Tins 4½d., 8d. and 1/9

From all Grocers, Stores, and Cycle Stores everywhere.

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JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wro ig."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 788. Week ending Saturday, July 9th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The New Sunday Paper.

Somewhat to vary Cæsar's phrase, "It came, it was seen, and it conquered." Henceforward, the *Sunday Illustrated* reigns supreme in Sunday journalism. Meanwhile, we have to apologise to the many thousands who were unable to secure copies; but not even all the resources of the Odhams Press could cope with a demand unparalleled in newspaper history

Cabinet Changes.

During the Autumn recess there will be several interesting changes in the Cabinet. A portfolio will, undoubtedly, be found for Dr. Addison—an arrangement which will be facilitated by the retirement of Sir Eric Geddes from political life. And, of course, Winston must have another rise—and not an Irish one this time.

Political Intrigue.

Meanwhile, the Birkenhead-Churchill "cave" is actively at work, and intends to pursue its machinations during the Autumn, whether the Lord Chancellor and his bosom friend like it or not. As the card of invitation to the garden party said, "T.W.B.F."—There will be fun.

The Independent Group.

Yet another recruit, in Colonel Claude Lowther—first cousin to the ex-Speaker, and second cousin to Major Christopher Lowther, the Honorary Secretary of the Group. And there will be further accessions before the House rises—whilst when it meets again in February we shall require more accommodation than that Front Bench.

The Miners.

After two months of bungling and mismanagement by all parties to the trouble—the Government, the mineowners, and the men—peace has at last been secured—"for at least eighteen months," we are cynically told. And now for the railway trouble at the end of August. We are, indeed, a wonderful people!

Misleading the King.

We have been glancing again at "His Most Gracious Majesty's Speech on the Opening of Parliament," and are struck with the observation—of course, put in his mouth by Ministers—that "the War has left liabilities which can only be met by heavy taxation." The idea of cutting down public expenditure has, of course, never occurred to them.

Prayer Answered.

For some time past the Bishop of London has been praying for "a 'dry' England." Who can say, after the great drought, that prayer is never answered!

Home Rule in Being.

The Ulster Parliament has met—and adjourned for three months; and the Southern Parliament has not met at all—and never will. No wonder we cannot govern Ireland!

Premier Very Tired.

The Prime Minister is losing his dash—and we are not surprised. These one-man Governments—for that, despite its name, is what the Coalition really is—*do* take it out of you, and, as we said recently, the Little Man from Wales would be well advised to take a rest.

FOUR READERS SHARE
CRICKET £250 (*See page 20*).
ANOTHER £250
MUST BE WON THIS WEEK.
For Free Cricket Coupon, see page iii of Cover.

A Colonial Example.

We observe that the Natal Legislature has, with one dissentient, passed a resolution in favour of Premium Bonds. As with other parents, the mother country may learn something from her children.

Britain and America.

What *is* the use of disguising the fact that, so long as we insist on maintaining our alliance with Japan, we shall be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by American statesmen? Of course, the ideal alliance is that of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

"All John Bull."

Apparently we are to have a new slogan to take the place of "All Sir Garnet." In a recent Manchester case, a witness described a certain transaction as "All John Bull"—which the Clerk was good enough to inform the Bench was synonymous with "All O.K."

Ben Tillett.

We met "Little Ben" the other day. He was just starting for Aix-les-Bains for a month's recuperation after his serious illness; and the best we can say of him is that we hope he may be sufficiently restored in health to come back to Parliament in the Spring. By the way, it may never be known what an important part he played in preventing the strike of the Triple Alliance.

That Quotation.

So we were right, after all, in attributing that splendid quotation about doing good now, "as I shall not pass this way again," to the agnostic, Mr. Stewart Ross, who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of "Saladin."

And Another.

By the way, what a lot of splendid texts can be gathered from the works of so-called unbelievers! Wasn't it old Tom Paine who said: "The world is my country, mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion"?

War Pensions.

Isn't it something in the nature of a scandal that a widow or other family dependent of a soldier may be deprived of pension on a charge by any Nosey-Parker of "misconduct," and without any right of appeal?

"Conchies" and Pensions.

Surely Mr. Kellaway, the Postmaster-General, should have been able to answer the question as to whether, in the case of the "Conchies" employed by his Department, the time they spent in prison for refusing to serve their country is to count for pension purposes. We will see that it does not.

That Census Paper.

Much comment has been aroused by the unique advertisement of *Sunday Illustrated* on the back of the circular accompanying the Census forms. But surely the value of a census is doubled when, in addition to eliciting important information from the public, it also conveys important information to it.

Another Parliament by Double.

Our friend Sir Edward Nicholl, M.P., tells us that he is often mistaken for ourselves; and now it appears that Mr. F. O. Roberts, M.P., has had a similar experience—a party of boys in khaki declining to accept his assurance to the contrary, and insisting upon shaking him warmly by the hand and calling him "Good Old John Bull!" We are afraid we shall get some of our friends into terrible trouble one of these days—or nights!

The Leipzig Sentences.

Are our readers aware that the sentence usually passed upon German officers found guilty of offences against the rules of war—"confinement in a fortress"—is an absolute farce, being no punishment at all? An officer so confined is made an honorary member of the garrison mess, the only restriction on his movements being that he cannot leave the fortress without permission!

Germany *can* Pay!

According to a despatch to the *Berliner Zeitung*, German-American imports and exports for the current year amount to 450 million dollars—nearly double the figures for 1920; and the Huns, who a year ago occupied third place in regard to American trade with European countries, now hold the second. We repeat, Germany *can* pay!

£50,000 Going Begging.

It is not often we hear of £50,000 going begging, but that has been the strange experience of Sir Jesse Boot, who offered that sum to Jersey, Lady Boot's birthplace, to advance housing. The States extended thanks, but declined the money on the ground that its acceptance would be unconstitutional! Well, well! Our "Greatest of These" Fund will be glad to relieve Sir Jesse's feelings by making good use of it.

Die Kirche von Kultur.

Seven years ago the congregation of the German Church in Bradford left the sacred portals with crocodile tears in their eyes and prayers for our downfall on their lips. It has just been re-opened, and once more the voice of Kultur is heard in the land. But—

> The moving finger writes, and having writ
> Moves on. Not all your piety and wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears blot out a word of it.

Old Omar knew something!

A Costly Relic.

One of those things we should rather like to know—not from motives of idle curiosity, be it said—is the number of establishments still controlled by an offshoot of the War Office known as the Central Stores Department; and why practically nothing is being done to clear existing stocks. The Department, we are given to understand, is a relic of the late Ministry of Munitions, and, from what we gather, must be costing the country a pretty penny. Oh, for a broom and a clean sweep!

A Vicar's Outburst.

Judging by ferocious fulminations in his Parish Magazine, the Vicar of St. Matthew's, Southsea, the Rev. E. Bruce Cornford, has a poor opinion of the average working man. Not only does he boldly accuse the British workman of to-day of having lost his head and his mission, but writes him down as a wastrel, and says he is rapidly developing into a low, contemptible shirker. The Vicar reminds us of the simpleton who found a few bad strawberries in the punnet and came to the conclusion that all strawberries were bad.

Saved.

If there is any greater pleasure in being a living horse than a dead one, the 30,000 Army horses in the land of Mespot, which were to have been slaughtered to save the cost of bringing them over, will be glad to learn that they have been delivered from their impending doom. Who the purchaser of this vast array of livestock is we do not know. More interesting it would be to learn what he intends to do with the animals. As long as they ultimately get into the hands of masters who will treat them well, the price the Government obtains for them, in the light of the previous decision to destroy them, is a matter of small concern

These Horrid Huts.

By no means the least objectionable feature of those horrid huts in St. James's Park is the continual procession of Stationery Office motor lorries carrying the paper on which the Government hut-dwellers play noughts and crosses, or whatever it is they occupy their time with. These utterly spoil what used to be one of the most delightful sylvan promenades in the world. It is really time they flooded the lake again and swept these wretched war-time excrescences out of sight.

Stranded in the Straits.

The report that a British theatrical company of thirty artistes have been left stranded in Java penniless, and are being placed at the disposal of the Dutch emigration authorities (!) adds fresh weight to the argument that theatrical managers responsible for touring companies, whether in this country or abroad, should be publicly licensed. They should, further, be compelled to deposit with the licensing authority or some other appropriate body a sum sufficient to pay the fare back home from the most distant part of their projected itinerary.

An Un-Natural "Naturalist."

George Henry Nutt, The Market, Oxford, calls himself a naturalist, a designation made honourable by the gentle Gilbert White and others. Nutt's idea of the calling is to cage a number of ordinary unfortunates of the animal world in tiny and noisome dens, to barter for profit. Evidence has been given that among other kindly actions he left the poor creatures long hours without food or water, and fed kittens and puppies on fermented bread and stale fish. Instead of a futile fine of £5 for disgusting cruelty and neglect, this callous brute should get a dose of jail and a shut shop.

A Wrinkle

To get rid of the wrinkles become a regular reader of the "Passing Show"—the paper that makes you young and keeps you sprightly.

Every Monday - - 2d.

At Long Last.

An ex-Lieut.-Colonel informs us that a brother officer of his recently had an unexpected surprise in the receipt of a D.S.O. which he earned in Gallipoli, but which, "owing to the scandalous carelessness and jealous opposition of immediate superiors, he feared he would never receive." It is an axiom that everything comes to him who waits—if he lives long enough.

Polluting the Testament.

A magistrate at Manchester recently adopted the unusual course of ordering the Testament kissed by a defendant to be destroyed in consequence of the loathsome disease from which the man admitted he was suffering. In view of the fact that the depraved wretch had not only polluted his wife and three children, one of whom died from the disease, but had also corrupted a girl who bore him an illegitimate child at the same time as his wife was confined, it seems to us almost inexplicable that his filthy lips were ever permitted to touch the Testament.

P.M.G. Warms to his Work.

A sailor sent a postcard from Portsmouth on October 22, 1910, another on January 9 following, and a third five months later—all to the same address at Coventry. They arrived together on June 8, 1921, and from their condition they would appear to have walked every step, while the 1910 one seems to have had an argument with a tank. But the touch of genius is shown by a surcharge of 1d. on one; as they all bore ½d. stamps, the victim was probably chosen by lot!

Sons of the Horse-Leech.

A particularly putrescent gang is one J. Howard Harvey and his trained band of bilkers. Circularising ignorant domestics and unwary working men, they offer cotton and land shares, or give "bills" for six months at 20 per cent interest. When a "bill" matures, they defer honouring on one pretext or another till the victim gets impatient, then ask for the bill in order to check for remittance. Whether sent on or not sent on, the sequel is a great silence. Surely the police can spare a few minutes from their Liquor Control duties to root out these impudent welshers?

Between a Boss and a Bureau.

A reader, having lost a flourishing business through the war, eagerly accepted a temporary job offered by a local poultry farmer. He worked satisfactorily for three weeks, and was then put off "until sent for." The Labour Exchange refuse him the "dole" for having left his work without good reason! His late employer denies making such a report, but, while the Exchange affirm he did, they say the "correspondence is confidential." The outrageous part of the affair is that neither employer nor Exchange will move any further, while the man is down to his last shillings, with neither work nor "dole."

Cruelty on Rail.

It is not often a railway company is convicted and fined for cruelty. This has happened to the North British. Shipped from Dublin, 41 store cattle were detained at Silloth in consequence of an outbreak of foot and mouth disease at Birkenhead. They were put in pens, and there they gored and trampled on each other till some of them bore swellings "as big as pillow-slips." Their terrible condition notwithstanding, Mr. Bell, Veterinary Surgeon to the Board of Agriculture, ordered them forward to Carlisle, 11 to a truck, and on arrival 14 were found to be greatly injured and 3 unable to walk. "Evil is wrought by want of thought."

Injustice to Women.

Plymouth Magistrates seem earning an unenviable reputation for harsh treatment of women who come before them, either as plaintiffs or defendants. Some weeks ago they sentenced a mother and daughter to hard labour for abandoning the girl's illegitimate baby, in circumstances that certainly called for clemency; while recently, when another woman sought protection and separation from her husband, who had brutally assaulted her and for years had treated her with appalling cruelty, they gave her the Order, but with it only 5s. a week as maintenance for herself and her child—a wickedly inadequate sum. These are cases that the women's powerful "organisations" ought to take up strongly.

The phenomenal success in Journalism—SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

Sauce for the Gander.

Having discharged two poor women from their infirmary, the Chertsey Board of Guardians calmly proceeded to allow them to walk to their homes at Bagshot, 8 miles distant. When taken to task by the Windlesham District Council, they unctuously pleaded that if a conveyance had been provided it would have been an unnecessary expense, the Relieving Officer adding that there couldn't have been much hardship as the women took five hours to do the eight miles! We are not vindictive, but we should dearly like to see those niggardly Bumbles doing that eight-mile stretch with good hard peas in their boots.

Setting an Example.

At a house in Singapore, Straits Settlements, an Inspector of Police caught some natives "having a little flutter," playing dominoes for money. He calmly pocketed the cash in sight, about $100, and proceeded to hold the offenders to ransom, demanding $20 a head for letting them "escape during the raid." His native assistants gave him away, and he was duly tried. Found guilty, he was fined $25, and awarded *one day's imprisonment in Court!* This fool verdict will hardly impress the native with "white man's justice."

Encouraging Outrage.

At the Clitheroe Police Court, a creature named George Fletcher, who had been arrested in the act of committing a criminal assault on a girl of nine, was given three months' imprisonment only, the fact that he had "had a good deal of whisky" being apparently considered in his favour; while at Ascot the sentence on a degenerate youth, guilty of the most gross indecency to three tiny and terrified little girls, was fourteen days' imprisonment, with the pious hope that it "would be a lesson to him." No wonder these atrocious crimes are on the increase.

An Unsigned "Fisher."

A curious ten-shilling note, genuine in every respect except that it lacks the signature of Mr. Fisher, the Secretary to the Treasury, has come into our possession. It is a new note, and was obtained, with others of the same numerical series, from a branch bank. That such a defect should escape the scrutiny of the Treasury officials whose duty it is to examine the notes before issue, and that the cashier of the local bank should likewise have been blind to the absence of the signature, suggests a want of attention on the part of those gentlemen which we cannot characterise as other than reprehensible.

"Letters to the Dead."

Under this heading we recently said a few nasty things about Mr. A. Flather, Clerk to the Insurance Committee of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The point was that he sent a letter to a woman, informing her that she was suspended from medical benefit and requesting her to forward her medical card to the Ministry of Health, eighteen months after her death had been notified to the Pearl Approved Society. Mr. Flather has now satisfied us that this was due to the blundering information supplied to him by the Society, which, of course, puts a different complexion on the matter. This sloppy registration of essential information is far too common in these Approved Societies.

Legal Advice Dearly Bought.

A demobbed man living at Homerton, whose daughter sustained serious injuries through falling over a heap of rubbish left in his yard by a contractor, brought an action against his landlord's agent in the local County Court, but was non-suited, as it was held that the contractor had acted in opposition to his contract. Hard lines, which perhaps the lawyer who advised him will make softer by foregoing the bill of costs.

Fiat Lex.

A motor cyclist at Hanley was fined 15s. for riding without lights, and for attempting to bribe the police into overlooking his delinquency. That's all right, but a local reader complains that he himself was fined three shillings more for a similar offence when riding a push-bike—which, of course, is much less dangerous to the pedestrian. Why such unfair discrimination? And when will there be a standardised penalty for all such breaches of the law?

Offer a Reward!

The police of Hull would do well to take more adequate steps in clearing up the mystery surrounding the disappearance of little Carrie Boddy—a nine-year-old child who has now been missing for nearly four months. Supposing the child to be still alive, the most obvious thing to do is to offer a reward; but the police seem to be waiting for money which the parents haven't got. The welfare of the children of even poor people is a public concern.

Saints and Sinners.

Admitting that the Rev. S. Norton, of London, ought to know more about 'em than we do, he may be right in telling the Primitive Methodist Conference, at Sheffield, that churches are coddling saints rather than converting sinners. "Instead of being training schools for cadets, they are hospitals for dyspeptic Christians." It has been said that every saint has his past and every sinner his future. As between the ordinary churchified saint and the average earthly sinner—give us the sinner.

A Skeleton Tax.

In a garden at St. Osyth, Essex, two brothers, renovating the premises, recently unearthed the skeleton of a reputed witch of the 17th century. This discovery attracted crowds of morbid sightseers, with the result that the brothers were forced to suspend their work. They decided, as some compensation, to make a charge of 6d. to view the bones, but were forthwith dropped on by the local Entertainment Tax official for 1½d. on each 6d. How the sight of a mouldering skeleton can be described as "entertainment" we fail to see.

After the Strike.

Now that the worst of our labour troubles are over, there is every prospect of a great trade revival. "Bullets" competitors, like the rest of us, will thus have their minds freed from the worries and anxieties that the protracted industrial unrest gave rise to, and will be able to apply more concentration to their efforts. This week there is an additional incentive, for once again we are offering a first prize of £1,000, the lesser awards being £100 and £50, not to mention the usual innumerable smaller prizes.

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IS BETTING A CRIME?

HYPOCRITICAL LAW THAT HELPS THE RICH AND HITS THE POOR.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

IF it will appease my critics, I will at once admit that, even if betting is no crime, it is not of necessity a form of amusement in which everyone should indulge. It is largely a matter of temperament and inclination, and if any individual chooses to impose upon himself a self-denying ordinance in regard to gambling it is entirely his own concern. But ought the law to interfere? Can the existing Betting Laws be justified? These penal statutes, enforced with more or less severity throughout the country, proceed upon the assumption that betting is an offence against public morals, and ought only to be allowed, if at all, under hampering restrictions. In the first place, we have the Betting Act of 1853, which surrounds the harmless "flutter" with all sorts of pains and penalties, and enables the police to haul before the magistrates any person found indulging in this pastime in a "place" within the meaning of the Act. Secondly, we have the Gaming Act, under which "wagering contracts"—a term covering all normal betting transactions—are declared "null and void," so that money payable in respect of them cannot be recovered in the Courts. It is to be assumed that when enacting these laws the Legislature intended to put down betting and to restrict gambling within the narrowest limits. If so, the Acts have signally failed in their object.

The Moral Aspect.

Is this, as is sometimes suggested, a national calamity? Are we not a little hypocritical over the whole business? My own view is that the wagering instinct is a natural human propensity, and that, properly regulated, it does no appreciable harm. When all is said and done, gambling is not confined to the turf or to the playing of games of chance; it operates largely on the Stock Exchange and enters into a hundred and one commercial transactions to which no savour of opprobrium attaches. Strictly speaking, every life insurance policy is a wagering contract, the Company betting that the policy-holder will live long enough to pay in premiums as much as or more than the survivors will take out in benefits. The law which opposes every conceivable hindrance to gambling when it is associated with racing or games of chance, while it has nothing to say in regard to speculative financial transactions and similar wagering adventures, can hardly be held up to the admiration as a model of consistency. It has a still more fatal defect. The existing system operates to the advantage of the rich and to the detriment of the poor. By encouraging credit betting and prohibiting cash transactions it enables the man with a banking account to dodge the penalties of the law, while leaving his poorer neighbour to the tender mercies of the police.

Needless Restrictions.

This is grossly unfair. If betting is wrong, it is wrong for all classes, and no distinction should be drawn between rich and poor. As long as betting is frowned upon by the law there is no sound reason why I should escape the penalty simply because I happen to have a telephone at my elbow and sufficient credit at the Bank to post a cheque to the bookmaker. On this point I am in entire agreement with Mr. Ralph Bankes, K.C., the South-West London Magistrate, who thinks that either betting should be prohibited altogether, on the racecourse and off it, and the publication of racing news suppressed, or that in these matters we should "treat the peer, the potman, the bookmaker and the bootblack all alike." The first alternative, even if it were desirable, is entirely out of the question in the present state of public opinion. What we can do is to abolish the existing inequalities, sweep away the absurd legal enactments which harass the "little man" without diminishing the total volume of betting, and turn the sporting proclivities of the public to advantage by imposing a tax upon all bookmaking transactions, or exacting from the bookmaker a substantial licence duty. In this way the State would net a handsome additional revenue without injury to any section of the community, while at the same time we should be rid of the burden and expense of prosecutions under the Betting Acts, which are frequently attended by no small hardship and injustice. It would also be a good thing if the Gaming Act were repealed, so as to make bookmakers and their patrons amenable to the ordinary processes of the law. If these desirable reforms are to be brought about we must break away from the "nursery morals" which are so prevalent in these days, and insist that Parliament shall pay closer attention to the requirements of public opinion. It is really absurd that in a twentieth-century community the Courts should be asked to determine whether Whist Drives are illegal, whether it is a crime to play poker in a Club, or whether the promoter of a Derby Sweepstake should be mulcted in pains and penalties. The aim of the law should be to detect and punish dishonesty, not to interfere with the legitimate recreations of respectable citizens.

Revise the Law.

In too many directions it is the habit of the English law to "strain at the gnat and swallow the camel." In so far as gambling is an evil it is largely due to the credit system of betting, under which people are tempted to risk more than they can afford on the faith of a problematical turn of luck before payment falls due. If the cash had to be deposited in advance there would be an automatic check upon such reckless speculation. The law which prohibits betting in places of public resort has been almost entirely circumvented through the establishment in every town of "commission agents" whose business, being conducted by telephone and telegram or through the post, does not fall within the scope of the Betting Acts, which apply only to personal cash transactions. Far better sweep away the whole hypocritical system, recognise straight betting, repeal the Gaming Act so as to protect bookmakers and their clients, and let the State reap its reward in the shape of added revenue. Every honest sportsman would welcome the change.

A WARRIOR'S WOES.

TWELVE MONTHS FOR ONE DAY'S DESERTION.

It seems incredible that for what was literally one day's desertion a soldier should be sentenced to one year's hard labour. Nevertheless, this is what happened to Rifleman Harry Collins, of Dundee. Collins originally enlisted in the Royal Ulster Rifles and in due course went to France. After a spell in the trenches he returned home, and on May 10, 1916, deserted from his regiment. Next day, however, he re-enlisted in the Argyllshire and Sutherland Highlanders at Perth and again went abroad for the remainder of his overseas service, completing two years and nine months in all. At Ripon, in May, 1919, he was demobbed. Desiring to go to Canada, he "gave himself up" to the Ulster Rifles to get his Star and gratuity, and then it was that the authorities discovered he was a "deserter." A court-martial found him guilty of desertion for the four years and nine months, though he had actually been out of the Army only one day, and sentenced him to a year's hard labour. Fortunately, while he was in Woking prison the facts leaked out, and through the instrumentality of "friends in need" he has been set at liberty—the liberty to starve and die in the gutter, for all the War Office cares.

SHYLOCK ON THE SHUFFLE.

MORE ABOUT THE NOTORIOUS ISAAC OF PARTICK.

B. Isaac, of Partick, Scotland, is still at the old game. A Wakefield man was in need of money to enable his wife to visit her dying mother in Ireland. He saw Isaac's misleading money-lending advertisement in a newspaper, and put himself in communication with the fee-snatcher. In reply Isaac sent him the familiar form, and demanded the usual inquiry fee before business done, if any. The Wakefield man sent the money, stipulating that if no cash was lent it was to be returned. The loan he asked for was £10. "I have just received my agent's private report, and owing to the great depression in trade, and being the first transaction with you," wrote Isaac, "I am prepared to grant you £3 in cash, interest being £1 5s., so that you repay £4 5s., repayable principal and interest at 5s. weekly."—a mere trifle of over 850 per cent. per annum! "The fee paid was the necessary expenses for my agents to come all the way from Leeds to make private inquiries in your case," Isaac explains in another letter. "I never saw an agent," affirms the Wakefield man, "not a penny was loaned, and not a penny of the inquiry fee was returned." Isaac must be doing well on the Rialto.

AN ELLIS ISLAND SCANDAL.

MORE HARSH TREATMENT OF BRITISH SUBJECTS.

If our American cousins are sincere in their desire to establish more friendly relations between England and the United States, they will do well to improve the conditions of Ellis Island, where immigrants are landed. Such experiences as that of Mrs. Noall, late of St. Ives, Cornwall, must be made impossible. This poor woman, going out with two young children to join her husband, was landed on the Island and given quarters for herself and youngest in a leaky "shack," her little boy having been placed in hospital with the measles. For a fortnight she and her infant were so confined, exposed to continual damp, and with only crusts of bread to eat. The effects upon her health were so serious that when at last she did join her husband it was to fall ill with pneumonia and die. Even the American newspapers cry shame on the immigration authorities responsible for this tragedy. We are glad of this. Ellis Island has long been a scandal. For years it has exhibited bureaucracy at its worst—soulless, unsympathetic. If England, whither immigrants flocked before America was discovered, can control the influx of foreigners without resorting to such methods, surely a country so young as the United States can do likewise.

Something for everyone—man, woman and child—in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

RUINED THROUGH KINDNESS.

THE POLICE AND A GOOD SAMARITAN.

A few weeks ago, the gaze of a little undeveloped imbecile girl of 15 happened to light on a shilling lost in the gutter. To her the find was the opportunity of a lifetime. She "went to the pictures." Some hours later, Mr. Charles Godfrey Quetton, of Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, observed, standing in the middle of the road, the figure of a child, distraught, wild-eyed and in evident distress. Such was the beginning of a web of circumstances that was destined to drag an innocent man mercilessly through the mire of criminal proceedings. Whether Doris Sautain was really ill or whether her poor little mad brain, excited by the unwonted environment of a picture-house, was merely re-enacting the behaviour of some unconventional "heroine," is immaterial. Human judgment is necessarily influenced chiefly by appearances and when, as Mr. Quetton approached, the child staggered across to clutch for support at a way-side tree, he acted as would any of our readers in similar circumstances. He went forward and asked what the trouble was. Bursting into tears, the girl explained between her sobs that she was endeavouring to reach her home but could go no farther as she "kept coming over giddy."

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Mr. Quetton's quick sympathies were at once aroused. It was late. The child was obviously ill. Something must be done. Hastily procuring a glass of water he made her drink, then summoning a taxi-cab he drove her there and then to within a few yards of her home. Without a word of thanks, the girl got out and disappeared. Mr. Quetton instructed the driver to take him back to his house in Sutherland Avenue. He went to bed and thought no more of the matter. The next evening, however, he was surprised to see, hovering in the street outside his gate, the same pathetic little figure. Imagining she had returned to express her gratitude for his timely aid and being naturally interested in her rapid recovery, he went out to greet her. Almost before he could realise what had happened, he found himself in the grip of two stalwart Paddington policemen on the look-out for a job, and was willy-nilly marched to the nearest police-station. After being locked in solitary confinement for two hours, he was ushered into the august presence of the officer-in-charge—when to his horror and amazement he was formally charged with the vile offence of criminal assault upon the girl whom he had, in the generosity of his heart, befriended. Without investigation, without corroboration, on the bare word of an imbecile child, the Paddington police in their wisdom had seen fit to arrest him in this high-handed manner. After days of nerve-racking anxiety and humiliation, the case was duly called at the Old Bailey, when it was stated that the police did not propose to offer any evidence. Without a word of regret or apology—in the same irresponsible, high-handed manner as it had commenced—the whole audacious proceeding was instantly dropped.

INNOCENT, BUT BANKRUPTED.

True, Mr. Quetton left the Criminal Court without a stain on his character, but—through no fault of his own—he had been compelled to incur heavy legal expenses, for the recovery of which he can never hope. Their payment has drained his resources and exhausted the savings to the enjoyment of which he and his wife had long looked forward—all through an act of charity and the hasty zeal of the police. It is right that officers of the law should exercise due vigilance, but when a case at the Old Bailey collapses like a house of cards it is obvious that an inexcusable blunder has been made.

CRIMINAL "ECONOMY."

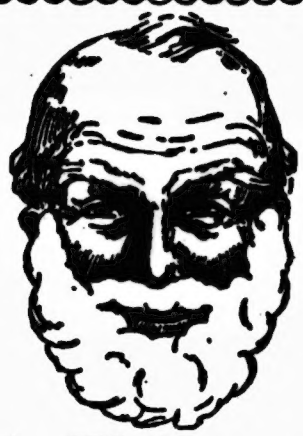
PENALISING POOR OLD PENSIONERS.

There's a poor, brave old couple in Battersea to-day who are in deep distress, for the wrath of the Old Age Pensions authorities has descended on their devoted heads. Mr. North is 77 years of age, and has worked hard and paid his way for the greater part of his long life, but is now past work, even if he could get any to do, and accordingly has been drawing his pension pittance of 10s. a week. That, as we all know, isn't enough to keep one person, let alone two, and so Mrs. North earns her living by going out as cook, whereby she gets a pound a week, with "dinner and tea" on five days only. In his Pensions return Mr. North honestly stated his wife's earnings in cash, but didn't know he ought to have mentioned her meals also; therefore, possibly because their myrmidons noticed that the old folks didn't look sufficiently starved, the Pensions Officer instituted enquiries, called on Mrs. North's employer, found out about the food, and forthwith fell foul of the poor old husband. First they cut his pension down to 6s., which is bad enough, and then they valued those dinners and teas which Mrs. North had eaten at the preposterous amount of £10—they must have reckoned on a Ritz tariff!—and decided that the pension must be stopped till the full amount is repaid, which means that for the next eight months the old man will not receive a penny. There is not one harassed taxpayer, rightly clamouring for retrenchment, who will not condemn this iniquitous action—an action absolutely characteristic of the Government who, with cynical effrontery, continue to raise the salaries of the highest paid among their hordes of bureaucrats, and who, on the flimsiest pretext, will deprive the very poor of "all that he hath," and bully and browbeat him to boot. Oh, Economy, "what crimes are committed in thy name!"

BETTING FOR BOBBIES.

WHY THE STOKE-ON-TRENT FORCE MAKE CASES.

According to a letter picked up in the street and sent to us by the finder—a resident of Highgate—Stoke-on-Trent policemen were much disgruntled because they had not had a day off for seven weeks on account of the coal strike. The men, it says, were not allowed out of the division. "If we only go round the town," says the constable who writes from the Police Station, "we have to leave word where we shall be at a certain time. They even try to stop us from going to the theatre at Hanley, and there is no need for them to be like that, as things around here are very quiet." Now that the strike is settled, the Chief Constable of Stoke has perhaps been able to end this grievance. A more serious matter is, however, disclosed. "This last two months," continues the policeman, "I've had 14 cases, and fines have been imposed from 10s. to £2, so that is not so bad. The next fellow to me has had 10 in the same time. The reason for it is this: Three of us on the same turn put 10s. each down, and the one who gets the most cases in the three months takes it, so the people in Stoke will not have to look round during that time." Now, if this sort of thing happens on one beat in Stoke-on-Trent, it probably happens on another. The plain English of it is that it tends to make the public victims of cases trumped-up for no other purpose than winning bets. Obviously the Chief Constable is not aware of what is going on in this way. It is time he made himself acquainted with it. A more reprehensible practice in respect of police duty we have not often heard of.



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WAKEFORD'S APPEAL TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

GREAT QUEEN'S HALL MEETING AT WHICH THE EX-ARCHDEACON WILL RESTATE HIS CASE.

SINCE the discovery of the "Girl in the Cathedral," upon whose disputed existence Archdeacon Wakeford staked his reputation before the Judicial Committee, we have been anxiously considering the possibilities of further action. We pride ourselves in this country not so much on a studious observance of the forms of law as on a broad devotion to the principles of justice; and although technically there is no appeal from the decision of the Judicial Committee—on the strength of which the Archdeacon has been deprived of his offices and robbed of his living—it is felt that no effort should be spared to reopen the case in the light of the new evidence now available. For, when all is said, there is a higher tribunal than the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and in appealing to the High Court of Public Opinion, Archdeacon Wakeford simply avails himself of a right that belongs to every citizen. As we have said all along, we believe that if the accused clergyman had been tried by a jury of his countrymen, instead of by a panel of Law Lords, he would have been acquitted. In the mysterious absence of the woman with whom he was alleged to have misconducted himself at the Bull Hotel, no body of laymen would have taken the responsibility of fastening the stigma of adultery upon a hitherto blameless cleric. With the discovery of the other missing witness (the Cathedral girl) whose evidence, if it had been available, would have doubled the strength of the Archdeacon's case, the justice of this terrible conviction is exposed to the gravest doubt.

The Duty of the Public.

It is time for the public to take a hand. This is their case as well as the Archdeacon's. It is not simply the fate of an individual clergyman, but the liberty of the subject generally and the reputation of British justice that are at stake. The witness whose evidence might have saved him was then missing and is now found. The woman at the Bull Hotel who, on the assumption of his guilt, might have appeared to accuse him, was absent from the Courts, and has since remained in hiding, notwithstanding every effort to discover her whereabouts and the offer of a large monetary reward for her appearance. If a conviction obtained in these circumstances is to stand, in spite of new developments that have altered the whole complexion of the case, there will be no security for the proper administration of justice in the future or for the liberties of innocent people. If the British Constitution does not provide the means for the judicial examination of the new evidence upon which Archdeacon Wakeford relies to clear his honour, it stands badly in need of amendment. If the public are determined, the authorities will bow to their demand.

Come to the Queen's Hall.

A fortnight ago we suggested the possibility of a mass meeting in London at which Archdeacon Wakeford should be asked to speak, and we invited our readers to express their views. The response has been so overwhelming and so unanimously in favour of the course proposed that we have had no hesitation in putting in hand the necessary arrangements for the meeting. In view of the large demand for seats that is certain to be forthcoming, we give early notice that this meeting will be held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W., on Thursday, July 28th, 1921, at 8 p.m., when, if present indications are to be trusted, an unprecedented gathering will result. The chair will be taken by Mr. W. Charles Pilley, Assistant Editor of John Bull, who has personally directed the investigations that culminated in the discovery of the "Girl in the Cathedral," and who, in one way or another, has been associated with every move in the Wakeford drama. The principal speaker will, of course, be Archdeacon Wakeford himself, and the intention is to allow him the fullest liberty to state his case in the hearing of the London public, who will then be in a position to judge of its merits and to gauge the requirements of justice. The story he has to tell is one of dramatic interest, and if our correspondence is a true index of the public attitude, there is not likely to be a vacant place in the Queen's Hall. Admission to the meeting will be entirely free, although for the greater convenience of readers a few reserved tickets are available and may be obtained gratis on early application to the Chief Commissioner at the offices of John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C. We shall have a further announcement of a still more interesting character to make before the date of the meeting. But the main thing is that Archdeacon Wakeford should be seen and heard by the public to whom he appeals.

The Probable Result.

Behind the scenes, the "Girl in the Cathedral" discovered through the efforts of John Bull is regarded as a witness of first-class importance. The one thing needed now is an unmistakable expression of public opinion in the Archdeacon's favour, and should this be forthcoming there is little doubt that means would be found to reopen the case, and so enable the evidence of Mrs. Hansen to be judicially examined. In undertaking to bear the whole expense of the Queen's Hall meeting, the proprietors of John Bull are giving effect to those principles of justice and fairplay that have governed the policy of this journal throughout its existence. A vigorous public response is already assured.

AN ENGLISH "ALIEN."

"THEY THAT WALK IN THE DARKNESS."

Mr. Auguste Mazelin was born in France, but came over to this country at the age of six weeks, and has worked here all his life. He married, and his son fought in the late war, being killed in action. In all respects, except French blood, he is as British as if he had English parents. He followed the calling of diamond-setter until, his eyes being affected by the intense application; he then obtained a situation as a brass-finisher. Ultimately his sight got worse, and gradually faded into the darkness of total blindness. He applied for the Old Age Blind Pension, which commences for such unfortunates at the age of 50. His application was refused, on the ground that he had "not been a British subject for the statutory period, viz., 10 years up to the receipt of any sum on account of a pension." In consequence he, being entirely without friends and relations, has been compelled to sell or pawn everything he had in the world. Indeed, for the last month or two this poor and blind old creature has lived almost entirely on bread. Here is a man who has done his bit for the prosperity of this country, lived an honest life, and because he had not the guile to go through the mere formal act of naturalisation, thinking he was really English, he must starve in darkness, while German "Britons" who fought us secretly here and openly elsewhere live on "doles" taken from wealth this blinded "alien" helped to create!

PROFITEERING IN THE PROVINCES.

HOW LANDLADIES FLEECE THE POOR ACTOR.

Members of "the profession," the bulk of whom earn a somewhat precarious livelihood touring in the provinces, interspersed with many weeks "resting," as they cheerfully term their frequent periods of unemployment, are passing through an almost unprecedented time of depression, and they are as a class so good-natured and generous in all charitable efforts that it is distressing to find that they are commonly made the victims of unconscionable profiteering by some unscrupulous professional landladies. As much as two guineas or even more a week for a bedroom and sitting-room may not be unreasonable for a "star" if the accommodation is first-class, but twenty or twenty-five shillings a week—often more than double the rent of the entire house—for a shabby combined room is altogether unjustifiable, especially at this time of the year, when the cost of lighting and heating is negligible. The landladies apparently conspire to keep rents as high as possible, relying on the fact that the poor actor or actress has to move on to another town at the end of the week to escape any action which might otherwise be taken against them for profiteering. The difficulty could perhaps be got over if resident managers of provincial theatres were compelled to provide suitable lodging accommodation at a reasonable price for the companies they engage, such prices to be fixed or approved by a local authority after inspection.

KIND WORDS—NO CASH.

STEAMSHIP COMPANY AND A BROKEN COMPACT.

Hugh McGrath and John Millard, British seamen, signed articles for a voyage aboard the s.s. *Henry Deutsch de la Meurthe*, which sailed from Baltimore, U.S.A., for a round trip *via* Christiana and Blyth. Their articles specifically provided for their discharge in America, north of Cape Hatteras. On arrival at Blyth, these men were discharged. Entirely without means, and in a strange port, they were practically helpless, and while in this position they were compelled, through lack of money and legal assistance, to sign for a sum of £12. This they did under protest, accepting the money until they could take steps to get their case considered. The Lutetian Navigation Company, the owners of the ship, offer as an excuse that the American Consul refused to consent to these men returning to the States, and would issue no passports. They say that "otherwise they would willingly have paid fare and wages up to the time of arrival in U.S.A." The position of the sailors is that they were employed for a definite journey, and it was contracted to land them in a certain country. The Company have broken their contract and are hiding behind the U.S.A. Consul. The men could get work in America; they cannot get it here. They are entitled to their wages and damages. But being two poor and helpless seamen, the owners coolly ignore their claim, and prate of the generosity they would have accorded—if they couldn't help it!

What did YOU think of Mr. Bottomley's SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED article?

HUGE PURCHASE of NEW GOVERNMENT ARMY BOOTS SECURED by "JOHN BULL"

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THERE IS NOTHING BETTER IN THE WORLD FOR THOSE REQUIRING A BOOT FOR HARD WEAR IN ALL WEATHERS. Remember, the British Army Boot has been proved to be the most comfortable and reliable boot ever produced, and apart from the Money you are saving in cost, you will obtain a boot of a quality absolutely unprocurable and unequalled anywhere else in the world. **These are not rejects, but are absolutely perfect, and have only been sold because they are Government surplus stock. These boots are thoroughly recommended as being specially suitable in every way for manual workers, miners, mechanics, farmers, railwaymen, carmen, motorists, policemen, postmen, engineers, sportsmen, and, in fact, for every man requiring a serviceable boot for hard, continuous wear in all weathers.**

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W.D. 70.

NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT exactly as illustrated SPECIFICATION :— Real Kip grained uppers, screwed and stitched to heel, full water-tight Tongue. 2 single solid butt soles and solid all-leather heels. Worth without exaggeration in to-day's market, 65/-. Our Price, 20/- per pair, postage 2/- extra. Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. Leather laces free.

20/- per pair,

If not requiring these boots at present, secure a supply and keep them by you. This offer will not occur again.

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED

Absolutely unobtainable except from Bolsom Bros. one and only address, 109, 110, 111, Strand, London.

W.D.74.

NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT no-Cap regulation Army boot as illustrated. SPECIFICATION : Real Kip Grained uppers, waterproof 2 single solid butt soles. Screwed and stitched to heel, Hobbed as shown. Worth in to-day's market double. Our Price 20/- postage 1/3 extra. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13. Leather laces free.

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W.D.72.

NEW OFFICERS' DERBY BOOT, as illustrated. SPECIFICATION : Real Tan Calf uppers. Finest quality leather throughout. Hand-welted, Leather lined right through to toe. Solid butt sole. Worth in to-day's market 55/- Our Price 20/- postage 1/3 extra. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12 only. Leather laces free.

20/-

Send for Free Special Catalogue of Ladies' and Gents' High-grade guaranteed Footwear at 20s. per pair, in all Sizes, Styles, and Fittings.

W.D. 76

NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT no-Cap Derby Boot, as illustrated. SPECIFICATION : Superior Real Russet Tan Kip uppers. Solid Butt Sole. HAND SEWN and whole lift all Leather heels. This boot cost double the price. Our Price, 20/- per pair, postage 1/3 extra Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 only. Leather laces free.

20/-

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This purchase is made on the distinct understanding that these are real new Government Boots, and are guaranteed to be exactly as described above, both by JOHN BULL and Bolsom Brothers. If I am not satisfied with my purchase, it is agreed that I can return the goods within 7 days, and my money will be refunded without delay or argument.

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Cut out this Advertisement and keep for future reference

Don't miss a single chapter of Olive Wadsley's serial in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Rt Hon. the Lord Chancellor.

My Dear "F.E.,"—So you have induced some, at least, of His Majesty's Judges to forgo a portion of their vacation for the purpose of catching up arrears of work—due mainly to the great divorce "boom." Don't you think, whilst you are about it, it would be a good thing to cut the legal holiday down to a couple of months—which is not to be sneezed at in these hard times? John Bull.

To Mlle. Lenglen.

Dear Suzanne,—My congratulations to you on retaining the tennis championship—which will, to some extent, compensate for Carpentier's defeat. Your nation has undoubtedly made wonderful strides in recent years in the matter of sport, and I shall have to buck up if I am to regain any of my lost laurels. Still, it is all good for the *Entente*—which, I am happy to know, is to-day more *cordiale* than ever.

John Bull.

To Frank Gray, Esq. Oxford.

Dear Frank,—As a prospective candidate at the next General Election, you have evolved an ingenious scheme to keep your name well before the public. "Frank Gray Rock" may taste as good as it looks, but is no better for having your name running through it after the fashion of the Obadiah Rock of the past, which you may or may not remember. If the children who suck the rock had votes, no doubt you could depend on their support; but whether your plan will result in your name being in everybody's mouth I rather doubt. Peppermint rock is not to everybody's taste. John Bull.

To the Chairman of Magistrates, Hastings.

Dear Sir,—Admitting that the law is the law even when it is "a ass," I can heartily congratulate the Magistrates on the commonsense, not to say the contemptuous, way in which they dealt with the complaint of Police Inspector Butler in the case of the Provincial Hotel. Seeing a man enter the place at 11.10 p.m., the Inspector watched until 11.25, and then entered to find his quarry engaged in the nefarious occupation of eating biscuits and cheese and consuming a glass of stout—his usual supper as a visitor. The manager had himself poured out the stout at 10.50 p.m., and left it with the biscuits and cheese to await the man's return! If your Worship had not dismissed so preposterous a charge under so preposterous a law, I really should have had to protest.

John Bull.

To Mr. Justice Avory, Derby Assizes.

My Lord,—I have not always seen eye to eye with you, but I thank you, as every humane person will do, for the just sentences—three years' penal servitude and six months' hard labour—you pronounced on all three of those bloodthirsty ruffians, Patrick Connolly, John Dirkin, and Patrick Fleherty, found guilty of horribly torturing, maiming and killing seven pigs and a dog. May your example be followed by all who sit in the seat of judgment. There will then be a speedy diminution in these revolting crimes against defenceless animals that have been so terribly prevalent. John Bull.

To the Rev. W. Hesmondhalgh, Vicar of Scalby, Yorks.

Unreverend Sir,—In Scalby churchyard lie the mortal remains of Captain John Stanhope Clarke, R.N., over whose grave, a month ago, his widow had erected a beautiful runic cross of grey granite. Apparently the lady omitted formally to submit the design and inscription for your approval, though you certainly saw and tacitly approved of the monument before it was erected, as you allowed it to be set in place. Subsequently, however, you arrogantly ordered the owner to remove it, and, that order not being obeyed within the stipulated seven days, you yourself had the whole thing taken away, to the distress of the widow and the indignation of every decent-minded person in your parish. You may be within your legal rights, but such harsh actions bring discredit upon a sacred calling. John Bull.

To Thomas C. Jeffery, c/o The Ediswan Glassworks, Ponder's End.

My Dear Boy,—Your act of heroism in rescuing two young girls, aged nine and fourteen years respectively, who fell in the River Lee and were in imminent danger of drowning, has not escaped my notice, although up to now it appears to have escaped that of the Royal Humane Society and kindred institutions that are usually not slow to recognise doughty deeds. You certainly merit something more than the mere publicity which the local Press has rightly accorded you, and you may rest assured that I shall do my best to see that you get it. For you, a boy of 15, to plunge fully dressed into icy water, saving first one drowning girl and then the other, at great risk to yourself, showed real British grit, and your pluck and presence of mind entitle you to rank as a true hero. If your employers and mates at the works are not as proud of you as I am, they ought to be. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Dr. Addison M.P., Minister without Portfolio.

My Dear "Doc,"—I am glad to see that they have been banqueting you—for, as I said in the House, you are the best of good fellows—although I would hesitate to place you upon quite so giddy a pinnacle as that to which the Prime Minister exalted you. I notice, by the way, that you did not appear very downhearted when the dissolution of your office was announced, but I think I know the reason. When *is* Eric giving up his Portfolio? Cheerio! John Bull.

To the Rev. David Pugh, Wesleyan Minister, Hull.

Dear Pugh,—How are you? I note you have been in a row with a bad man who used shocking language to children, and that you lost a tooth and received a kick in the waistcoat on account of it. From what I hear, this moved you to "give him one or two" in the true spirit of muscular Christianity, and eventually he was so sore that he felt sorry, while you were so forgiving that you paid his fine at the police-court. You strike me as a rather good sort of chap, Shake! John Bull.

To Mr. Hugh Shayler, Secretary, Civil Service Alliance.

Sir,—You have a peculiar idea of "justice" when you say that "the reinstatement of the majority of the Conscientious Objectors realises in part a measure of justice which the Alliance has advocated." These spineless dodgers may be good clerks, but they are rankly bad citizens. There are hundreds of men maimed in limb and wrecked in health who should be considered before such wasters. There would have been no Civil Service in this country—at any rate, for Britons—if the uncivil job across the Channel had not been gallantly performed. John Bull.

To Mr. W. E. Alexander, College Road, Ringwood.

Dear Sir,—I congratulate you for holding such a splendid record as a Census Enumerator. Since eighteen-seventy-one you have delivered and collected the forms in the same district. No doubt you were game again this time for the job, but quite rightly you gave way for someone younger than yourself. I doubt, however, whether everything passed off so smoothly as it would have done had you been at the helm, for there is always a price to pay for experience. I am sure the people who missed your genial face this time will join me in wishing you calm and comfort now you have got to the yellow leaf of life. John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

If Sam will only join Japan
And England in alliance,
To every Bolshevistic plan
The world can bid defiance.

Whatever of the fight we think
And the great bout's devisers,
One fact alone we cannot blink—
They're all great advertisers.

Although the "Sunday Illustrated" paper is a new one,
The founder's aim, the world must say,
Has proved a good and true one.

Up mounts Prosperity's bright sun,
The trade wind starts a-blowing,
And John Bull feels his danger's done,
So clear the prospect's showing.

WATCH AND WAIT.

Watch it for thirty days—wait until you are sure. Take your time in deciding. Note results each day, but wait until you are absolutely certain. If it does not benefit you it costs you nothing. If you like fair dealing, if you are sick or need better health, read all this offer, and then write us.

Full Month's Supply for Fair Trial: Send No Money.

Readers of JOHN BULL should take advantage without delay of our liberal offer to send a month's supply of the natural Vitaliser, "Vitæ-Ore," for free trial. Thousands have already experienced its marvellous effects—the new vital energy which it gives, its power of renewing the health and vigour of all.

SENSATIONAL BENEFIT.

The result has been to cause a real public sensation. Vitæ-Ore has attracted attention by the way that it has given new life and virility to thousands of languid, anxious, and exhausted men. It has restored grace and healthy charm to thousands of tired, weary, care-worn women, and to girls whose development to womanly life has been delayed. The vital forces are powerfully and noticeably increased by Vitæ-Ore. What is the result? In the office, the factory, at social gatherings, at work, and in hours of leisure people are telling each other how much Vitæ-Ore has done for them that no ordinary medicine could do.

All who wish to share in this wonderful benefit should write at once for a month's supply.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. The British Government recognises this by exempting it from stamp duty.

Vitæ-Ore is the residue of a natural healing spring, found in the desert by Prof. Noel, a famous geologist, and tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing.

HIGHEST MEDICAL APPROVAL.

The *Lancet*, the most important medical journal in the world, which would never give the authority of its world-famous columns to anything without the best scientific basis, publishes this statement:—

"*The clinical results obtained were satisfactory.*"

Vitæ-Ore is perfectly harmless, and free from the slightest ill-effects. A fair trial for a month is offered. Fill up the coupon at once. Do not delay. Receive the benefit NOW.

ITS WIDE SCOPE.

Dissolved in water, Vitæ-Ore not only gives new health and tonic strength through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases, and has produced numberless cures in cases of

Nervous Weakness	Rheumatism
Debility	and all "run-down" conditions resulting from Stomach, Liver and Kidney Weakness.
Dyspepsia	
Neurasthenia	
Neuritis	
Anæmia	

It is a powerful nerve and spinal tonic. The headaches, pains in the back, and special weakness of women vanish when it is used. A man who, without having any special disease, suffers from general lack of energy, want of manly vigour and ambition, who is easily fatigued, and does not feel the aggressive strength of manhood, will derive new life from Vitæ-Ore—not by any sudden stimulation, but by a powerful tonic action which permanently benefits. Vitæ-Ore has made new men of thousands. You have a free and fair opportunity to try it for a whole month and see whether it will do the same for you. Fill up the coupon NOW.

IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.

Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

You are asked to use Vitæ-Ore for a month and watch the result. You are to be the judge of the benefit. If the result is satisfactory—if Vitæ-Ore does you good—you pay 4s. 6d. for the whole month's supply. If you are not benefited simply write and say so and we ask nothing at all. It is a fair "no benefit no pay" offer.

But Vitæ-Ore WILL do you good. It will strengthen and tone up your nerves and your whole system. Your digestion will be better, your eyes brighter, your skin and complexion cleared and younger looking.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it, and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London E.C.4.

Fill in or Copy this Coupon for Free Trial of One Month's Supply.

THIS is the DAY to SEND this COUPON

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Room 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions" and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good, I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to Charge Me Nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

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"The Best Investment I have made this Year."

Mr. A. A. HERBERT Forest Gate, Lond, E7, writes:—"Let me say how perfectly simple and straightforward your terms are. With reference to the books, 'The Amateur Mechanic' is all you claim for it, and is above all my expectations. I regard it as the best investment I have made this year."

"The

Amateur Mechanic"

compiled by skilled craftsmen, in simple, non-technical language, with "How-To-Do-It-Pictures," teaches you

HOW TO DO THE HOME JOBS THAT COST MONEY

It shows you how

To paint and paper a room—To sole and heel and patch boots and shoes—To mount maps—To bind magazines and to re-bind old books—To make a pair of hand-sewn boots—To restore colour of old brown shoes—To make household furniture—To re-seat chairs—To upholster sofas, etc.—To instal a speaking tube—To make a wire bracket for placing over oil lamp or gas bracket so that food can be heated over it—To clean a Primus or other stove—To repair bicycles—To overhaul a motor car—To repair a motor cycle—To work in metal—To colour metals—To make a garden frame—To repair water taps—To varnish a violin—To remedy damp walls—To repair the piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To make mailcart and perambulator hoods—To mend penknives—To stuff animals—To dress furs—To stuff and mount birds—To do wood inlaying—To cure a smoky chimney—To prepare working drawing and how to read working drawings—To make a chemical weather glass—To renovate a grandfather's clock—To make invisible ink—To make garden furniture, arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, tables, etc.—To use metal-drilling tools—To clean book-covers—To renovate mirrors—To upholster furniture in leather cloth—To mend broken china—To do fretwork—To build a boat—To make a canoe, etc.—To lime-white poultry-houses—To do gold-plating and silver-plating—To clean a watch—To mend keyless watches and ordinary watches—To distemper ceilings and walls—To make picture frames and to frame pictures—All about curtain fittings—To make metal castings—To make tracing paper, waterproof paper, fireproof paper, etc.—To clean paint off glass—To fit up a motor workshop—To clean boilers—To fix an anthracite stove—To re-gild and restore picture-frames—How to use spanners—To make doors and windows draught-proof—To paint walls—To make a garden path—How to do nickel-plating—To cure noises in hot-water pipes—To make soap at home—Inlaid and glue varnishes—To clean and repair locks—All about acids for etching metals—Micrometers, how to make and how to use them—How to make plaster casts, etc., etc.

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The "Amateur Mechanic" contains instructions on 4,000 jobs, with 6,000 Illustrations.

Read what Purchasers say:

Mr. FREEMAN, Poplar, E., writes:

"The works is of great help to those who seek information on any subject, and is good value for the money."

Mr. J. PATERSON, Kirkcaldy writes:

"I think the work quite justifies your advertisements. The illustrations are one of the best features, showing more clearly how to set about the jobs than any amount of writing could do. The books are well bound and well printed. They will last a lifetime, and will pay for themselves over and over again."

Mr. CHARLES H. PEARSE, Monmouthshire, writes:

"I am so pleased with the work that I feel I must express my sincere appreciation. It is a set of books forming an 'Enquire Within' for practically everything required for home comfort and needs. The descriptions are very plain and clear, the print excellent, and illustrations and drawings very very distinct. This set of books should be in every home. Any handyman, by following the instructions in the 'Amateur Mechanic,' can soon recover the cost of the work and still be in possession of a work which will be useful for all time."

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"I am very well pleased with the 'Amateur Mechanic.' The books will be very handy for me in the future. The illustrations are great, and I have learned a few wrinkles from these alone up to now. Nothing could be fairer than your methods."

Mr. W. DYSON, Marsh, Huddersfield, writes:

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Please send me without charge or obligation your Free Illustrated Booklet containing all particulars of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," also information of your offer to send the Complete Work for a nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments, after delivery.

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NOW FOR A

"All Clear" on the Coalfields—No M

By THE

NOW that the coal dispute is over I have no desire to "rub it in" or to take any unfair advantage of the position as far as the miners are concerned. Technically, I suppose, the men have been "beaten," although in some respects this is a moot point, upon which perhaps the least said the soonest mended. It might be truer to say that both sides have been defeated, in so far as they sought to achieve their ends by force and to hold the nation to ransom through the stranglehold of industrial pressure. No one emerges with any particular credit from the tragic dispute—certainly not the Government or the Miners' Executive, or the coal owners banded in the Mining Association. It has been a bad business from beginning to end, aggravated by a degree of obstinacy on both sides seldom paralleled in the history of industrial warfare, and made still worse through the ineptitude of a Government that lost its head in the first few hours of the trouble, and perpetrated one panic blunder after another in the effort to cure its initial mistake. However, it is over, and the main thing now is to "pick up the pieces" and get to work again. First of all, the disputants must shake hands and be friends. There must be no slumbering animosities, no lingering grudges, no latent threats of revenge. As the King said at Belfast, in regard to the Irish situation, the duty of all parties is to "forgive and forget." But, while forgetting the bitterness of the struggle and the hatreds that have been engendered, it is our duty also to remember—to remember the grim object lessons we have had, showing the folly of industrial warfare and the futility of the strike weapon as an engine of social advancement. And now that the dust of the conflict has cleared away a little, it is possible to see more distinctly the issues involved, and our time will not be wasted if we can piece together the broken record of the past few months and map out a sensible plan of action for the future. Let us keep as cool as we can and see just where we stand.

The Pity of It All.

The main facts of the dispute are matters of common knowledge. Nor is it necessary to emphasise the tragedy of the situation. If three months ago the coal owners had been in a conciliatory mood and if the men had been sensibly led, or if the Government had had courage and wisdom enough to take a firm grip of the situation and bring the parties to reason, the settlement that has been reached after weary weeks of conflict might have been achieved by sane negotiation. So much is common ground. The rank and file of the miners, who have borne the brunt of the cruel struggle, have a legitimate grievance against their leaders, whose strategy throughout has been of the feeblest kind. The cardinal mistake made by Mr. Frank Hodges and his colleagues was in mixing up the wages issue with the ill-fated demand for a "National Pool"—this unique proposal being of an essentially political nature and one which, as all sensible people knew, could only be carried through with the assent of Parliament. Unless we are to regard the miners' leaders as ignorant fools—which obviously they are not—it is difficult not to question their motives in putting forward this quasi-political demand. There is considerable justification for the coal owners' view that the proposal for a National Pool was the thin end of the Nationalisation wedge, intended to overturn the present organisation of the coal industry and upon its ruins to establish a system of collective ownership. If the Miners' Executive did in fact entertain these revolutionary designs they were guilty of a fraud upon the miners as a body, and of a grave offence against the nation as a whole. Moreover, such tactics are calculated to react disastrously upon the whole future of Trades Unionism in this country. That the strike may occasionally be a legitimate resource I am the last to deny. I can easily imagine circumstances in which a body of workers may have no choice between the acceptance of conditions that are intolerable and the blank refusal to remain at work on the employers' terms. In these days such occasions are rare, but it is nevertheless important that the strike weapon should be kept in reserve in case of emergency—*and that its edge should be keen.* The tendency of the policy pursued by the Miners' Federation and other leading industrial organisations of the present day is to blunt the edge of this powerful weapon by ineffective use—to exhaust the energies of Trades Unionism by fruitless strife, and so to imperil the whole future of the workers, who may some day find themselves in a situation of unexampled danger, yet naked to their enemies through the absence of proper means of defence. This is the peril I foresee, and I confess that if I stood in the shoes of the workman it would weigh heavily upon my mind. I should at least pray that wiser counsels might inspire my leaders, so that the resources of Trades Unionism, instead of being frittered away in senseless political campaigns, might be reserved for situations of real industrial emergency. The essential aims of the Trades Union movement must always be to preserve the standard of living, to lift wages as high as possible above the mere subsistence level, and to ensure sound and wholesome conditions of employment for industrial workers of every grade. It will be a bitter experience for the miners—or for any other class of labour—if they should ever find that they are unable to defend their homes and larders because the money that might have provided the sinews of war in a struggle of this vital character has been frittered away in the pursuit of such chimeras as the "National Pool" and similar phantasmagorical creations of the revolutionary mind. I think I know—if I were a miner—what I should be saying to myself to-day. The argument would run something like this: "I was certainly alarmed by the heavy wages reduction proposed by the owners a few months ago, and I felt that it was a case in which, after having paid heavy subscriptions to my Union for many years, I might expect some assistance. I talked it over with my mates, and we were much of the same mind. We knew it might come to a fight, and were all prepared to stand up to the owners on this simple bread

JOHN BULL: "I'm glad you've fixed this thing up, boys; b
way than fighting to solve

GOOD TIME!

More Grousing—Full Steam Ahead.

IE EDITOR.

and butter question. Naturally the management of the affair had to be left to the leaders, and I had a good deal of confidence in Mr. Frank Hodges, who was supposed to be a clever fellow, and as good as the owners when it came to argument. It was all worked out in London, and in due course we were told that the only way to get us the fair wage we were demanding was to fight the owners for a 'National Pool,' whatever that might be. It was not for me to question this decision, and so when the strike order came through I came out with the rest. But now I am back at work again. It has taken three months to get my wages trouble settled, and in the meantime the missus and the kids have had to go short, and I have had to take in my own belt a bit. It is a funny business, especially as the 'National Pool' has not been brought about after all, although that was what caused most of the rumpus and dragged out the dispute till we were nearly down and out. Evidently someone made a bad blunder. Not me—for I had no hand in the negotiations. The leaders must have been at fault. I am beginning to doubt whether young Frank Hodges is quite such a clever fellow after all." That, or something very like it, is certainly what I should say if I had my living to earn in a coal pit. It is what thousands of miners are saying to-day up and down the country. They are beginning to see the red light and to associate it with the "Red Flag." They know that before long their Trade Union levies will be doubled, to make good the money wasted in the course of this blind and hopeless struggle. No wonder there is a slump in revolutionary fervour amongst the workers, and that the various Communist Societies are crying out for members. With three million people out of work, largely as a result of the coal deadlock, revolutionary propaganda is at a heavy discount, and the sound common sense of the British worker opposes a solid barrier to violent action. The miners, too, are beginning to count the "special damage" of the recent strike in the shape of costs and disbursements, and to ask themselves whether, with a little more prudence at headquarters, the same result might not have been achieved by less expensive means. Even in South Wales, generally regarded as the seed plot of revolution, there is a good deal of discontent—much of it already vocal. Says one representative worker: "It isn't fair to members to ask us—aye, compel us—to go out on strike if the Federation is not financially strong enough to support us. Do the officials and delegates reduce their salaries and expenses to a strike pay basis? What is good enough for the men should be good enough for the masters." To which significant outburst I would add but one word of comment. Why *should* the Miners' Executive be the "masters" of the situation? Surely they are, or ought to be, the servants of the working miners who pay their salaries and expenses out of money earned in one of the most arduous and dangerous of human occupations. There will be little hope of peace in the industrial world, and scant security for the future of Trades Unionism as a legitimate means of improving the lot of the workers, until these industrial "bosses" are put in their places and made to do the bidding of the men who employ them, instead of indulging fantastic political theories which lead nowhere but to ruin. That the great mass of sober opinion among the working classes is opposed to the "Red" extremists there is no manner of doubt, and I respectfully submit that the time has come when the rank and file should insist upon the principle that he who pays the piper has a right to call the tune. In this connection, I have been looking at the recently-published Balance-Sheet of the South Wales Miners' Federation—which is indeed an amazing document—and one over whose perusal the working miner may well rub his eyes in surprised dismay. What must the average steady-going collier in the Cardiff district or in Rhondda Valley think when he finds that in a single year no less than £3,404 has been swallowed up for "Train fares, conveyances"; £3,867 in "Administrative Salaries"; and £4,637 in a subsidy to the "Central Labour College" in London, at which young miners who are tired of hewing coal for a living are to spout Bolshevism for a change. I see, too, among last year's items of expenditure there was a grant of £10,000 to a group of workmen at the Nine Mile Point Colliery who went on strike against the express order of the Miners' Federation—and came a bad cropper in consequence. These things are an unwholesome travesty of democratic principle, and a diseased outgrowth from sound Trades Unionist Policy. The industrial population of this country is fast waking up to the peril that lurks in the path of the extremist, and I shall not be surprised if before long there is a general revolt of the rank and file.

Pull Together.

Still, for all their failings, I do not attribute to the Miners' Executive the sole responsibility for the tragedy of the past three months. In the early stages of the conflict the coal owners betrayed an obduracy and a want of imaginative sympathy which added bitterness to the dispute and seriously hampered the work of settlement. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen have now learned their lesson, and that for the future they will interpret their responsibilities in a more liberal spirit. In a sense, quite apart from politics, it is true to say that the mines belong to the nation; and unless the magnates who are in charge of them can give a better account of their stewardship than they have been able to do lately, it is certain that Parliament will demand a change. No section of the community can afford to ignore the lesson of the recent strike. The duty of the Government, and one that brooks no delay, is to hammer out a true industrial policy which will substitute the machinery of arbitration for the crude apparatus of warfare, and inaugurate the reign of democracy, in the relations of Capital and Labour, by insisting that no stoppage shall take place without a genuine and secret ballot. If all sides have learned their lesson there is good hope for the future. But we must pull together with all our might if the soul of Britain is to be saved.

s; but don't you think that in future we might find a better olve these trade problems?"

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

MIND yer 'ead, sir! I don't orfen git gents quite so tall as you in 'ere. I ain't wotcher-ma-call a dwarf meself, but by gosh, you've got a bit over me! Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure, sir? . . . Shavin'? Right. This chair, if you don't mind. But wait a bit! Let me 'ave another dekko at you, sir. If you ain't King Albert o' Belgium, I'll swallow that tooth-brush! . . . Ah, I thought I wasn't mistook. Then you set 'ere, sir, in *this* chair, wot I reserves for customers wots famous. . . I 'card the other day you was comin' to London with your missus, the Queen; and I 'ope you're enjoyin' yerself . . *Never more so*? That's good. I'm glad to 'ear it. Becos if there are any kings left wot deserve to 'ave a good time it's you and me own King, George.

* * *

It's a pity your reg'ment, the fil' Dragoon Guards, wot you're colonel-in-chief of, ain't at 'ome jest now. They'd bin pleased to see yer, I'll swear. Not only becos you're a King an' their colonel-in-chief, but becos you're a *man*. An' w'en they 'ear the King's made you a Field-Marshal they'll be as proud and as pleased as Punch. Yer see, your Majesty, you ain't jest an ordinary King wot 'asn't done nothink but set on 'is throne an' lived on the fat o' the land, but you've *done* things, an' you've bin through it. Nobody won't never fergit 'ow you acted w'en the 'Uns barged into Belgium. You bucked up your little army an' give it enough spirit for a big 'un. Thet's wot done as much as anythink to 'elp the Allies to win the wore in the end. You give the ex-Kayser 'is fust check. 'E thought 'is 'ordes was goin' to 'ave a walk-over through Belgium, but you showed 'im diff'rent. You give 'im the surprise of 'is life, an' give us time to send 'our Contemptible Little Army across to give 'im another surprise. *On'y did yer juty?* I know thet; but thet ain't so common in these days as you may think. Clock-watchers, shirkers an' wanglers are more common then them wot do their juty without thinkin' o' theirselves . . . *You 'ate flattery*? So do I, your Majesty—not thet I 'ever gits none. But I ain't flatterin' yer, take it from me. Wot I ses I means. . .

* * *

'Ow do you think London's lookin', sir? . . . *Improvin'*? Yes, it is, ain't it? An' now the coal strike's over, an' the Engineers' trouble 'as bin settled, an' the Communist wing o' the Labour Pawty 'ave got the dirty kick out, things'll go on improvin'. It's a safe place for Kings to visit, too. W'ich is more then you kin say for some o' the big cities. There was the King o' Spain the other day, an' before 'im the the Crown Prince o' Japan, an' now there's you. They comes 'ere, injoys theirselves, walks about the streets free an' easy, an' goes 'ome safe an' sound. . . *A fine thing to be able to say*? It is thet, sir . . . Now, 'ow will thet do, sir? I 'ope I've pleased your Majesty . . . Wot, this 'ere 'andsome tie pin for *me*? I never expected nothink like thet, sir. It'll please the missus no end . . . Goo' day, your Majesty, and I 'ope you'll live long an' die 'appy! . . .

EXTRA TURNS.

By Political Patterers.

LADY ASTOR.

A comic artiste used to sing—
"Put me among the girls!"
(A word that by some happy chance
Rhymes perfectly with "pearls").
It rather shocked me, I confess—
I was much younger then—
But now, to-day, the song I sing
Is—Put me among the men!

Yes, put me among the men, girls,
In the good old H. of C.!
I'm one among six hundred odd—
What happiness for me!
I think they don't much like me there—
They hint it now and then;
But for their feelings I don't care—
Put me among the men

PATTER: Yes, as Shakespeare said, to be happy, as this world goes, is to be one woman among six hundred men. And that's me! But if you think I'm fond of the sterner—ahem!—sex, you're mistaken. I ask you, how could anyone with the slightest artistic feeling be fond of creatures who wear those hideous bifurcated garments called trousers? At the same time, I don't mind admitting that when I took my seat as M.P. for Plymouth I did feel so shy at first! It was a long time before I dared to catch the Speaker's eye, in case he should wink and I should blush. But I've got over that girlishness now. I'll take on any old fogey in the House of Commons at the staring-out game, whether he's a Minister or private member. And it annoys them. Nothing annoys a man more than being outfaced by a woman. It makes him feel insignificant, like a worm. I just love to irritate the poor things. It's simply a scream to see their funny old faces slowly turning red, and then purple, with helpless rage. You see, I being a woman, they can't very well get their own back. Some of them make a feeble retort sometimes, but I've only to put on my scornful expression—like that—and they're squashed instantly. What enrages them most is when I touch on the drink question. I'm a Pussyfoot—an out-and-outer—and believe that the wages of gin is breath. When I express my sentiments on this burning question you should just see them! Some get up at once and, I believe, go to the House of Commons bar for a drink! Others sit and gnaw their nails in impotent wrath. Others call me to order on some trivial point—anything to shut me up. But I take a lot of shutting up, I can tell you. You see, I've no rival in the House. If there was another woman there, of different political opinions, I might not find things so easy. She would be sure to be a horrid cat, and throw things in my face, so to speak. But at present, thank goodness, I'm the only pebble on the beach, or the only rose among the thorns!

Yes, put me among the men, girls,
In the good old Commons House!
One woman to six hundred men—
A fact that makes them grouse.
I know they don't much like me there—
They hint it now and then;
But for their feelings I don't care—
Put me among the men!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"STAR":—"He thinks it wiser to ask for all and get a great deal than seek . . . for half a loaf and get NOTHING FLUNG IN HIS FACE."

"SOUTHEND STANDARD" (advertisement):—"GENTLEMAN req. BED-BREAKFAST WITH YOUNG OR WAR WIDOW."

"VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE" (advertisement):—"One COLLAPSIBLE BABY, GOOD CONDITION, $7."

"NUNEATON DAILY TRIBUNE" (advertisement):—"Call or 'PHONE the *Daily Tribune* Office and SEE SAMPLES."

"ST. HELENS NEWSPAPER AND ADVERTISER":—"Mrs. —— picked up the screwed-up paper and in it found two HEADS, ONE OF WHICH SHE RECOGNISED AS BELONGING TO HER HUSBAND. THEY WERE HENS' HEADS, however."

"KENT MESSENGER":—"Defendant said when he got the breeches on HE COULD NOT SIT DOWN, and WHEN HE SAT DOWN he could not get up."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"I am very HOPEFUL that the present depressing condition of trade is NOT MERELY A TEMPORARY ONE."

"BRITISH WEEKLY" (serial story):—"Brodie was in no sense a MAN'S WOMAN; in fact, the absence of sentiment in HIM had frequently been commented on by women."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—"At one farm . . . 76 pigs died from swine fever . . . and about 150 were PROMPTLY KILLED by a butcher IN ORDER TO SAVE THEIR LIVES."

"GEM LIBRARY":—"Peel . . . indicated the closed door to which was affixed a small brass NUMBER-plate 'B'."

ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS.

INTERESTING FACTS RE GUARANTEED BARGAINS.

Some of our contemporaries have now done us the honour of following our example by guaranteeing their advertisements, but we doubt whether they can show as many bargains as are contained in this issue. Here are some of them:—

Bolsom Brothers have purchased the whole of the new Army boots from the Government Disposal Board, and we have arranged that these shall be offered to JOHN BULL readers exclusively. The value is wonderful, and the cost only 20s. per pair.

S. A. Barry & Co. offer a 30s. sports coat of Scotch tweed, or all-wool blue serge suits for £3 10s.; also Yorkshire tweed suits for £2 10s.—all to measure.

Apex Stores offer a fine line of ladies' shoes at 5s. 5d. a pair.

Carew, Ltd., sell well-tailored skirts, and supply these on the instalment system.

Finlay & Sons advertise maternity wear, and will send free their maternity and baby book.

E. J. R. Co. have a novelty in the form of a darner for 3s. 9d. which will save time to our industrious lady readers.

Norman's, of Leeds, offer a ready-made sports coat and a pair of flannel trousers for 29s. 6d.

Leeds Novelty Co. are selling a beautifully-made compact razor for 3s. 6d.

G. Weston & Co. supply officers' Army trench coats for 30s.

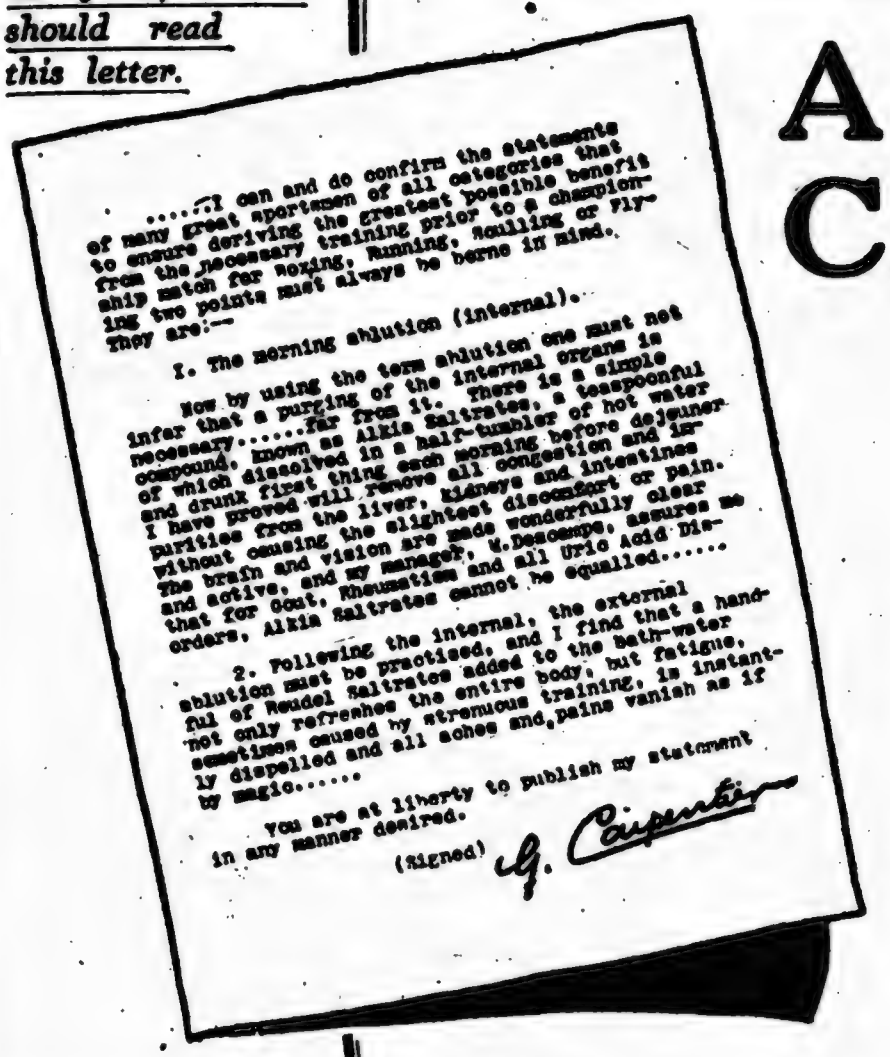
H. Inwood offer genuine folding panamas at 6s. and 9s. 6d., by post.

The Waverley Book Co. are selling the "Amateur Mechanic," a wonderful work for handy men. They send a handsome booklet free.

There are also many bargains amongst the "Small Ads. Worth Watching"—and, indeed, a careful study of the whole of the advertisement pages will prove very profitable.

A regular order will ENSURE a copy of SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

Every Sportsman should read this letter.



.....I can and do confirm the statements of many great sportsmen of all categories that to ensure deriving the greatest possible benefit from the necessary training prior to a championship match for boxing, Running, Sculling or Flying two points must always be borne in mind. They are:—

1. The morning ablution (internal).

Now by using the term ablution one must not infer that a purging of the internal organs is necessary.....far from it. There is a simple compound, known as Alkia Saltrates, a teaspoonful of which dissolved in a half-tumbler of hot water and drunk first thing each morning before dejeuner I have proved will remove all congestion and impurities from the liver, kidneys and intestines without causing the slightest discomfort or pain. The brain and vision are made wonderfully clear and active, and my manager, M. Descampe, assures me that for Gout, Rheumatism and all Uric Acid Disorders, Alkia Saltrates cannot be equalled.....

2. Following the internal, the external ablution must be practised, and I find that a handful of Reudel Saltrates added to the bath-water not only refreshes the entire body, but fatigue, sometimes caused by strenuous training, is instantly dispelled and all aches and pains vanish as if by magic.....

You are at liberty to publish my statement in any manner desired.

(Signed) G. Carpentier

A Letter from CARPENTIER

The Famous Boxer gives sound advice on how to keep fit to all Athletes—advice that every Reader of "John Bull" should act upon.

ACIDS, poisons and impurities constantly forming within the body accumulate and foul the blood, upset the stomach and clog the liver, kidneys and intestines, thus forming the primary cause of practically all illness and disease. Unless you keep your body free from such contamination you can never expect to keep physically up to par and always mentally alert, even though no really serious illness results.

The world's leading boxers and runners, famous footballers and cricketers, and indeed all prominent sportsmen use and recommend Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates. If you want to be "fit"—follow their lead!

NOTE.—*The two simple remedies above referred to can be obtained from any chemist at small cost.*

DON'T throw them away!

When your boots and shoes crack in the uppers don't discard them—use THARO. With this marvellous preparation you can easily make smooth, *invisible*, waterproof patches that will last as long as the leather itself. Good for weather-proofing the soles, too. In black or brown.

A tube will save you pounds. Get one to-day.

THARO

LIQUID LEATHER

Ask your stores or dealer for a tube. If unable to obtain send P.O. for large tube to ARROWSMITH, Jnr., ROGERS & CO., 104, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SOMETHING for NEXT TO NOTHING

But thoroughly good. Worth a lot more.

SMART AND SNAPPY SUMMER SHOES.

Black and Navy Suedette, Navy and Black Poplin or Leather. Covered Heels. Sizes 2,3,4,5,6,7. Postage 9d. **5/5**

150,000 PAIRS AND NO MORE

In Tan, Black and Grey Suedette, Navy, Black and White Poplin, Nigger and Black Velvet, Fine White Canvas. Sizes 2,3,4,5,6,7. Postage 9d. **5/5**

In Tan and Grey Suedette, Patent and Black Poplin. Fine White Canvas. Sizes 2,3,4,5,6,7. Postage 9d. **5/5**

Every pair a picture and useful

In Patent, Black, Nigger and White Poplin. Fine White Canvas. Sizes 2,3,4,5,6,7. Postage 9d. **5/5**

Send postal order for 6/2 post free—State style and size.

Money back if not entirely satisfied.

Dept. 4,

APEX STORES, EARL GREY STREET, EDINBURGH.

"DRY" RHEUMATISM

ONE WAY OF QUICK RELIEF TESTED AND PROVED BY THOUSANDS.

"My Rheumatism will be better when the 'dry' summer weather comes."

Hundreds of thousands have discovered that this winter-time saying expressed only a vain hope, for their sufferings have continued despite one of the driest Springs and early Summers on record.

Yet some thousands have benefited by following the advice and using the "Favourite Prescription" of a famous West-End Specialist in Rheumatism and Gouty troubles.

To-day every Chemist is supplying under the name of "Urillac Tablets" this physician's "Favourite Prescription" remedy in ready-to-use form.

Within 24 to 48 hours the first tablet-dose or so brings relief from aches and pains, stiffness, swelling and soreness.

The very next day sufferers of even long-standing are able to move their joints and muscles with surprising but welcome freedom from stiffness and pain. The improvement continues with every further tablet-dose until the old aches and pains and crippling stiffness seem like a bad dream that has come and gone.

Do not go on suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Kidney or Bladder trouble.

Just try a 1/3 or larger 3/-, or extra large 5/- box of "Urillac Tablets" *to-day*, and *enjoy to-morrow's quick and daily growing relief from your sufferings.* Be sure you get the genuine

URILLAC

TABLETS.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

1s. 3d., 3s., 5s.

or, in case of any difficulty, direct and post free from The Urillac Co., 168, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

We Have Won Again:—Some time ago we wrote about our Indian soldiers who were compelled to abandon their boy scouts' shorts because the "lady administrators" in India objected to them on the score that our suffering Tommies should not show their charms below the knee—the same ladies showing all the charms they dare exhibit under the eyes of the policeman. Now the Indian post tells us that, owing to our efforts, the crusty husbands of the same ladies see danger ahead, and in various stations have agreed to allow the men to wear "shorts," if they increase the legs of their bags by a few inches! One more for JOHN BULL!

Praising Us!—By the way, from Jullundur, in India, comes a many-signed letter. "Your paragraphs in JOHN BULL," it states, "are the most truthful that we have the pleasure of reading concerning the conditions of soldiering in India. Please do not publish what the ladies wear." We certainly won't give the fair creatures away, although they don't like the look of your legs!

What About It?—Having settled for the R.A.M.C. men who were engaged at 4s. a day and received only 1s. 6d., we want to know what about the loaders and packers of the R.A.S.C., who were engaged in the early days of the war for 4s. daily, and received only infantry pay? We have the matter in hand, and intend to see it through.

Our Daily "Thank You": — From H. B., West Kensington:—"Kindly allow me to thank you very much for your kindness rendered to me regarding my pension. I worried the Department for a very long time, without result, and then stepped in to you, when the matter was immediately settled. Please accept enclosed for your Fund. I shall always remember you when I have a little to spare."

Red Tape:—It is usual on Alexandra Rose Day for Jack to wear the flower to help the splendid cause of the Queen-Mother. The other day at Devonport the men of the harbour ships bought the roses to help the hospitals, but were ordered by highest authority not to wear them on board, although they might do so ashore. Who on the deck of a British warship would have gone mad at the sight of a Queen Alexandra rose pinned on the jumper of a seaman? What fool rules we have yet to fight to a finish! Irish soldiers are encouraged to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

Jack's Money:—The following awards of salvage money are now ready for distribution in the Department of the Accountant-General: Salvage of s.s. *Medomsley* by H.M. Tugs *Alligator* and *Francis Baley* and H.M. Trawler *Nodzu* on the 3rd and 4th October, 1917; salvage of the private cargo of s.s. *Saba* by H.M.S. *Seahorse* and H.M. Tug *Sprite* on the 9th March, 1918; salvage of s.s. *Mitra* by H.M. Tugs *Alice*, *Andros* and *Moose* on the 9th and 10th March, 1918; salvage of s.s. *Oriega* by H.M. Tug *Dainty* and Working Party from H.M. Dockyard, Pembroke Dock, between the 26th and 30th March, 1920.

Our Ancient Heroes:—We all love the old grey beards of Chelsea Hospital, who fought for us before we were born. They have sent to us many complaints which we have had remedied. Now they state that they have to wear the same weight of clothing summer and winter, wherefore they suffer. Why not supply the dear old chaps with light clothes for the sweltering months, and the present thick stuff for the winter, when their old bones and marrow call out for warmth? Has the Governor or anybody else at the Royal Hospital the gift of imagination?

RACING NOTES.

(All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the SPORTING LIFE.*)*

Liverpool Cup.

The recent fine performances that Orpheus has recorded pay a flattering compliment to Paragon and Soranus. This brace of handicappers do not appear to be overdone with weight for the Liverpool Cup. March Along must also be put in the race with a chance if none the worse for his exploits in France, where bad luck overtook him. Top weights usually do well at Aintree, hence it would be unwise to pass Square Measure lightly over.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

BIBURY CLUB—WEDNESDAY.
Bibury Plate—TOM POWRIE.
Bibury Cup—*HOLBEACH.
Maiden Plate—MARISSA.

BIBURY CLUB—THURSDAY.
Downton Handicap—*LENNY.
Members' Welter—KILVEMNON.
Champagne Stakes—DRAKE'S DRUM.

PONTEFRACT—WEDNESDAY.
Prince of Wales Stakes—*SCAMP.
Pontefract Welter—COUNT ROSS.

PONTEFRACT—THURSDAY.
Great West Riding Handicap—*MONEY GLASS.
Borough Plate—INVISIBLE.

LINGFIELD PARK—FRIDAY.
Summer Handicap—COLD STEEL.
Oak Tree Maiden—*PRECIOUS.
Jack Bridge Plate—ISLE OF WIGHT.

LINGFIELD PARK—SATURDAY.
Great Foal Plate—STRAIGHTAWAY.
Corinthian Plate—*GOOD POINTS.
Imberhorne Handicap—*BRAVO.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Lone Widow:—A widow who has no family or friends fell upon evil days when she lost her work. She had sold even her bed for food before she came to us.

In Bulk:—During the past week as many as 27 cases sent to us concerned ex-soldiers out of work, without income, but with wives who were about to present them or had presented them with "increases."

One of the Above:—A woman whose husband set out for Canada to find work was without regular help, though she had to look after two youngsters, and another was imminent.

His Latest Trouble:—An ex-soldier could find no job, and to keep things going joined the "90-days' Army." While away his child died uninsured and he was given leave home to bury it. We looked after the financial end of the trouble.

The Burden of Rates:—One of the numerous semi-helpless ones called upon to pay rates or go to jail was a widow with five hungry children. She only does ill-paid casual work.

How is it Done?:—An ex-soldier has a pension of 7s. a week, but no unemployment dole. He also has a wife and two children. When his case was proved to us we easily believed that the family was starving.

Genuine Sufferers:—Another man who served is out of work. He has no pension and no unemployment pay. His wife is a cripple, and two of his five children are delicate.

HELP US TO CARRY ON.

You are glad for many reasons that the coal trouble is over. So are we; but we have a special reason—the tremendous strain upon our Fund will begin to lessen. You can have no conception of the load it threw upon us. Owing to the shortage of coal several millions of men were thrown out of work. Happy homes were plunged into distress. Families comprising up to ten members had to live on the £1 a week unemployment dole. One pound to provide food and fuel, to pay doctor's bills in many cases, maternity) nurses in others, to provide rent and extras—but in no instance to settle the cost of the youngsters' day in the country—the day that the kiddy dearly longs for. By your assistance we have been able to help in very many cases to "keep the home fires burning," and to do many other things. The pleasure of having done so is yours and ours—and we have the whole-hearted thanks of hundreds of hopeless and hungry ones.

Now the cloud is lifting. When coal is get-at-able industry will re-start, factories and workshops will re-open, and those who at present so largely depend upon us will get back to work, and will once more experience the dignity of self-support.

What a trying time it has been, and how glad we are that the clouds are rolling away! But other clouds are left, and they are black ones. The unemployment dole is to be reduced in many cases and abolished in others; and it is whispered that the amounts granted in pensions are to be cut down—which means that the poor whom we have always had with us will be increased in number and their poverty will be heightened. We are proud of the fact that since we started this little Fund we have, through you, assisted many thousands of families. We act in such a way that the blush of shame never mounts the cheek of the applicant. We make all genuine cases that come to us feel that they are friends of yours and ours.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

H. R. (Southport), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. W., 2s. and parcel; Mrs. H. S. (Durham City), 11s. 6d.; S. M. (Addingham), 2s. 6d.; F. W. L., 3d.; Anon, 6d.; P. G., 1s.; D. B., 1s.; A. D., 6d.; S. C. B., 6d.; Mrs. A. S. D., 10d.; "Regular Reader of JOHN BULL," 1s. 9d.; C. H. A. (Newport), 6d.; F. C. (Victoria), 1s.; J. A. S., 1s. 6d.; D. L. McN., 2s. 6d.; "The Widow's Mite" (Trafee), 10s.; "South Ealing Reader," 4s.; F. R. S. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; H. R. (Durban), £5; F. M. (Bristol), 5s.; Mrs. M. B. B. (Oxford), 2s.; W. D. (Salford), 4s.; J. E. (Southall), 1s.; J. S. C., 12s.; "Cessie," 1s.; E. H. (Borough), 10s.; A. W. (Canterbury), 1s.; "Regular Reader" (Dunkirk), 10s.; "The Lord's Purse," 10s.; "York," 3s.; W. R. (Huntly), 10s.; H. D. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; "Argyll" (Musselburgh), 10s.; W. H. H., 1s.; F. B. (Drayton), 5s.; R. S. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; "Miss Mystery" (Wakefield), 1s.; B. P. (Nottingham), 5s.; "Harold," 2s. 6d.; In Memory of My Dearest," 2s. 6d.; "Bonnie Scotland," 3s.; Miss J. Y. R. (Flintshire), 3s.; H. C. P., 6d.; "Trafalgar," 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. D. (Windsor), 6d.; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; "A Trifle," 1s.; S. L. (Leatherhead), 1s.; G. P. W. (Liverpool), 10s.; F. D., 10s.; "A Scot," 10s.; "Matt and Elsie" 5s.; "Mavis Mary," 5s.; M. O. (Hull), 1s.; J. P., 10s.; L. A. C. (Bristol), £1; G. Y. (Dumfries), 2s.; F. L. (Oldham), 1s.; "Fifer," 2s.; "Ex-Soldier's Mite," 1s.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 1s.; P. A. M., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. G. C., £5; V. E. S. (Friston), 5s.; "Laurie," £1; "Hamish," 2s.; C. A. H. (Muswell Hill), £1; A. W. W., £1; A. W., 1s. 6d.; "A Bullets Winner," 1s.; A. R. (Little Walden), 2s.; "Old Boy," 2s. 6d.; F. H. (Camberwell), 1s.; H. L. (Willesden), 2s. 6d.; "Auld Reekie," 10s.; E. and M. (Willesden), 3s. 6d.; "Derby Competition Winner" (Devonport), 5s.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; R. J. S., £1; Mrs. L. S. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. T. (Gillingham), 6d.; H. A. (Ilford), 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of W. H. D. H.," 5s.; R. B., 2s.; "Inasmuch," 1s.; Mrs. E. B. (East Greenwich), 10s.; "Perdu" (Charlton), 2s. 6d.; M. S. (Atlantic City), 1 dollar; "Z," £1; G. T., £2; S. G., 10s.; M. A., 1s. and parcel; "A Lucky Bullets Winner," £5; G. F. O. (Falmouth), 5s.; R. W. D. (Lincoln), 3s. 6d.; A. N. T. N., 5s.; "Instead of a Bullet," 1s.; "In Memory of T. W. S.," £1; "Labourer" (Middlesbro), 1s. 6d.; "Phyllis and Doris" (Kentish Town), 2s.; "Dick" (Bullwalter), 2s.; A. E. R. (Kilburn), 5s.; V. E. M. (Folkestone), 5s.; "Not a Free Agent," £1; V. F. (Weybridge), 5s.; T. A. (Ottawa), Frs. 112.50; R. M., 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; L. G. W., 1s.; H. T. Y. (Hull), 10s.; "A Derby Winner in JOHN BULL," 2s. 6d.; J. G. (Fulborough), 2s.; "In Loving Memory of Our Two Dear Lads" (Guildford), 2s. 6d.; "6210," 5s.; F. B. (West Ealing), 1s.; J. H. W. (Farnham), 2s. 6d.; M. J. H. (Charlton), 2s. 6d.; R. O. (Lagnasco), £5.; "In Memory of Harry" (Bradford), 5s.; M. & G. P. F (Holbeach), 1s.; W. C. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; J. L. G. (Thirsk), 2s. 3d.; J. A. (Queenstown), 5s. 9d.; A. P. (Gosport), 1s.; "Little Joan" (Rochdale), 2s.; G. H. L. (Somersham, 10s.; "Ex-Corporal," 5s.; T. G. (Kelso), 10s.; D. C. A. (Hernesage), 10s.; S. G. S. (Long Melford), 2s. 6d.; F. J. (Wrexham), 1s.

[Further acknowledgments gratefully held over.]

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the paper for men as well as women and children.

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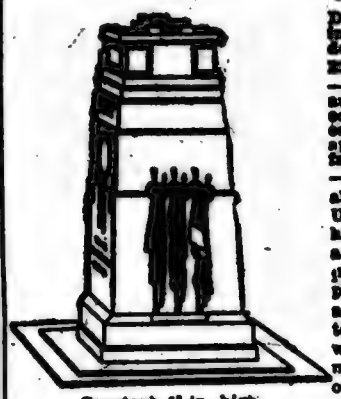
10 Prizes of £2 each. 20 Prizes of £1 each.

An Easy Competition. Open to All. No Difficult Conditions.



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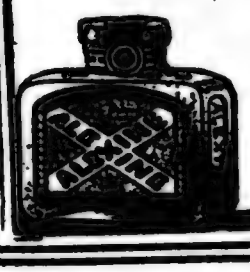

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DON'T suffer from Neurasthenia or any other Nervous Disorder which can be abolished in one to three months by MAXALDING.

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Lord Beaverbrook has said: "But Health is the foundation both of judgment and industry, and therefore of Success. Without Health everything is difficult. Who can exercise a sound judgment if he is feeling irritable? Who can work hard if he is suffering from a perpetual feeling of malaise?"

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MAXALDING is not difficult to learn, and the movements are very interesting to practise. Like most great ideas, it is simple and easy—when you know the way.

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The effect upon the Mind is a sense of power, a feeling of joyousness.

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All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each inquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Brightening Markets.

The influence of the holiday season is already apparent on the Stock Exchange. It is affecting both the attendance on markets and the percentage of the financial public which is taking an active interest in Throgmorton Street affairs. The restoration of normal railway services is probably responsible for having brought on holiday departures with a rush. But the same considerations which have been mainly responsible for the accentuation of a cheery holiday atmosphere have coincidentally stimulated markets all round. The coal settlement and the acceptance of lower wages by other industries have confirmed City confidence in the outlook, and the result has been a fairly general levelling up of values. Those leaving town do so with the conviction that things will be still better when they return, and if the steady volume of investment which has developed since the bank reduction is maintained, there is little doubt that their expectation will be fulfilled.

Rampant Giltedge.

Those who accepted my advice some weeks ago relative to the purchase of leading gilt-edged securities have done very well; and in reply to correspondents who inquire whether this advice still holds good, the answer is in the affirmative, because the factors on which my confident forecasts were before based—viz., cheaper money and declining living costs—still op rate, and will continue to do so. The long view for the best gilt-edged descriptions in my opinion remains unclouded.

Industrials W.king Up.

The labour clearance, which has stimulated stocks markets generally, has helped industrials most of all, and the textile and iron and steel groups have been particularly prominent. The rise in the latter may be counted upon to persist, because it is an economic truth that fundamental industries, like the iron and steel trade, always feel the full effects of a revival first. Vickers, Armstrongs, and Guest Keens are good to buy—among others. Among textiles, Courtaulds are specially "fancied," because E.P.D. has already ceased to operate in this Company's case.

The German Conundrum.

A distinguished New York banking correspondent sums up the American view of Germany rather aptly. "Germany," he says, "is just now a bankrupt who is selling out her stocks of goods below cost. But the bargain sale cannot continue. Her credit is low. Our cotton producers refuse the year's time asked by her mills, though our cotton has lain idle a year. Her debts are enormous. Her territory has been reduced 17 per cent., her population 15 per cent., her iron mines 74 per cent., and her coal 37 per cent., and she has lost her ships and Colonies. America is not frightened by the bogey of German competition. The end must be near of the sacrifice sale of exports. The chief concern of this bankrupt's creditors is whether the business can be continued at all." He goes on to argue that we had better let Germany develop her "cheap goods" trade, if we are to get anything out of her. But this is the very question which is dividing this and other Allied countries.

Will Kaffirs Fall?

One finds the temper of the Kaffir market uncertain. There have been some demonstrations of cheerfulness lately, but they have been rather hectic. Many of the influences which react bracingly upon other departments operate in a reverse sense upon Kaffirs and other gold shares. Increased normality in money and credit mean cheaper gold, while the Rand is finding labour very unsettled and wages impossible to get down. Prices look like working lower, though, of course, special developments will still stimulate individual shares, and diamonds should recover in time, when trade has so far improved as to provide a margin of luxury to the fortunate.

The Orange Farm Boom.

The rush for orange farms by ex-Service men and others continues, based upon preference for open-air life bred of the war, as well as upon difficult living conditions in this country. Several correspondents, meditating the sinking of capital in this type of venture, have written for advice. Caution is, of course, needed, but the Lelaba Estates Company is one orange farm-vending concern which I am satisfied is reliable, but there are others.

Gamage Issue Success.

I was not at all surprised at the success of the Gamage issue, which was largely oversubscribed. Apart from the attractiveness of the shares, the emission appeared at the psychological moment, and the Directors are to be congratulated.

Savings CERTIFICATES

GOOD RATE OF INTEREST
NO INCOME TAX
CASHABLE AT SHORT NOTICE

GENUINE PANAMAS

Buy direct from the factory at wholesale prices. No smarter hat for holiday and evening wear. Stylish, fashionable, and delightfully comfortable.
Men's Superior Otanto Folding Panamas 8/-
Genuine Folding Panamas in Natural (cool Colour or in pure white; sizes 6¾ to 7¾ 9/6
All trimmed superior black band and real leather. Money refunded in full if not completely satisfied. Post your order to-day to
H. INWOOD,
Manufacturer, 19 JOHN STREET, LUTON.

Advertisers Announcements.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

FORESTAL LAND, TIMBER and RAILWAYS.

At the meeting held last Thursday the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I., presided. He stated that the reserve account was now £1,249,283. Baron Emile R. d'Erlanger said that the difficulties which the company had experienced were common to other industrial enterprises throughout the world, and they could esteem themselves more than fortunate in comparison with nine-tenths of them. The financial position of the Company, as shown by the Balance Sheet, was not only sound but from a manufacturing point of view the Company rested on a sounder and stronger position than before. He thought that they had every reason to congratulate themselves on the results attained. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

That tyre-down feeling

Making itself felt gradually until you think "Hello, here's a puncture!" But No. The tyre seems O.K. And yet the going is most uncomfortable and the further you go the more insistent becomes the "tyre-down delusion." You begin to magnify every road irregularity, and bicycle loses all its interest.
Depend upon it your saddle is not helping you as it should. May we help you in your choice of a suitable model of

BROOKS
SADDLE.
Send for a Catalogue.
J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD.,
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What to Take for SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. A few doses restore your organs to their proper functions and the Headache and the causes of it pass away. In the same manner *They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation.*
Genuine bear signature — Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

LADIES'
'Special' ... 9d.
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'Special' ... 1/-
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per pair.

"Last the time of three."

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REVOLVING
RUBBER HEELS

THE "STAR" DARNING MACHINE Like a Small Loom

MENDS ANYTHING FROM UNDERWEAR TO LACE CURTAINS.

With this wonderful hand darning machine you can do the work of an hour in a few minutes. Perfectly even. Darns in smoothly woven right into fabric, leaving no lumps. Speedily puts fresh heel or toe in stocking and quickly repairs table linen. Makes darning a pleasure. NOT a sewing machine attachment. So simple a child can use it. Saves endless time, labour and your temper. Supplied with easy, illustrated directions. Price 2/6, best finish (Postage 3d extra). Send now 2/6 P.O. to

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IN SOUTH AFRICA

"The Land of Sunshine."

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AN INCOME FOR LIFE!

The Letaba Estates are in the heart of what has already proved an exceedingly rich fruit-growing soil and what may aptly be termed the "Home of the Orange." They are close to the Famous Tzaneen Estates Government Settlements and Officers' Colonial Land Co., Ltd., Estates.

A limited number of 5-ACRE LOTS FOR SALE.

The Company guarantees to plant, irrigate, and manage the farms, and accepts full responsibility for the interests of the absentee owner, attending to his or her orchard, and paying him or her regularly the annual income derived therefrom.

5 ACRES BRING YOU £500 YEARLY.

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THIS World's Favourite Sweetmeat *doubles* the pleasures and *halves* the strain of Rowing, Cycling, Motoring, Cricket, Golf, Walking, Athletics, etc. It does so by keeping the mouth moist and so preventing dryness, thirst and slackening of the energies.

WRIGLEY'S LASTS LONGEST AND COSTS THE LEAST

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Supplied in either Navy or Black Serge or Tweed (as desired), this splendid West-End Model Skirt could not be bettered elsewhere at double the price at which it is here offered to you to-day.

This Skirt is made to advertise Carew West-End Model Skirts which, in cut, make, finish, and material, are of the superior West-End quality. The full price of 21/- can be sent either in one cash discount price of 18/11 in all, or by first payment of only 1/- with order and eight weekly instalments of 2/6 each.

You do not risk dissatisfaction or loss of a penny, as we are willing to refund money in full if you are not charmed and delighted with your bargain. Send P.O. for 1s. or 18/11 to-day and see how this West-End skirt will improve your appearance. State waist, hips, and length of skirt, also material and colour desired. O.S. 2s. 6d. or 5s. 6d. extra according to size.

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10 FOR 6d.

20 FOR 1/-

Registered Trade Mark.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

J. S. (Grimsby).—"I think the demand for the *Sunday Illustrated* will be more than the press can stand." And, as concerns some, you may write press with a capital P.

"A BRITON" AND OTHERS.—We shared your anxiety about the King's visit to Belfast. But care and courage, not comment, were needed; and happily all was, and is, well.

W. H. (Brighton).—"I think I could give you a wrinkle or two." Thanks, but we should more appreciate a wrinkle-remover.

W. A. (Bergar County, U.S.A.).—Don't apologise for calling Britishers "damnably lazy." Why, nearly a million Britishers did nothing but die when they might have been making profits like you.

T. H. K. (Buxton).—"As an Old Age Pensioner, I intend to live till funerals are cheaper." Look out for the Government poster showing decreasing cost of dying.

J. F. (Euston).—"The extremists vote and the moderates abstain." Yes, 90 per cent. of the complaints we receive are from folks who beseech us to do in Parliament what they should have done at the polls.

C. B. (Hove).—"Are there any vacancies for M.P.s?" Plenty—on the benches when an Anti-Waste debate comes along.

G. H. (Henbury).—The trouble in the mining industry—put in a nutshell, so to speak, in a measure as it were—was that there was no industry.

"READER" (London).—Very sweet of you to address us as "Dear British Public"—and quite near enough for ordinary correspondence purposes.

"EX-SOLDIER."—"Why should this country admit foreigners when unemployment is so bad?" You may well ask. We have constantly fought for the strengthening of our Alien Immigration Laws.

W. H. (Weymouth).—"I saw predicted in the *British Journal of Astrology* that you would supersede Lloyd George and become Prime Minister." Our stars!

J. C. (Southend-on-Sea).—"I wish I had a place on your paper." So do we, but there's never a vacancy, our entire staff having signed on for the term of their natural lives.

"JIM" (Plumstead, S.E.).—"Admiral Murray Sueter, M.P., has much to thank you for." Not at all. He got it all off his chest as soon as the poll was declared.

CAPT. W. S. S.—Your plea that special accommodation in workhouses should be set aside for ex-soldiers is a sad commentary on the course of events since the Armistice.

C. B. R. (Southampton).—"Why doesn't L. G. get his hair cut?" Perhaps he has read what happened to Samson, and is taking no risks.

"WORRIED" (Camberwell).—"Now that the Coal Strike is over——" Gently with the hoorays. Don't start counting your kitchens.

B. D. (Strand).—"What earthly use are the Labour Leaders?" Chiefly to indicate the way their followers order them to go.

"IMP" (Lincoln).—"You cannot blame women for taking money practically thrown at them." So, and that's the game with the lowest average of "missed catches."

L. H. (London, N.10).—"Pass a short Bill to make trades unions illegal." Ever heard of the tallow dog that chased an asbestos cat through Hades?

J. H. (Ham St.).—"Why can't beer be sold freely like any other necessity?" Cheer up, the time may come when it will be laid on like the gas, with a slot-meter.

J. B. (Coggeshall).—"Not being a 'pro' in character reading, I am liable to make mistakes." Well, don't make the one of telling the victim his true character.

MRS. E. S. W. (Genoa).—No, the people who would pray all night for the winning ticket in a Parish raffle would raise Hamlet at the idea of a State Lottery for revenue.

W. H. P. (Cathays).—We note that you no longer support the Conservative Party. Possibly this fact may throw some light upon Mr. Bonar Law's recent breakdown.

C. J. (Ilford).—Your "joke" to hand. Perhaps one afternoon you would call in and explain it.

A. J. G. (Forest Gate, E.).—Your remarks on the wages question duly noted. Things might look up a bit if they gave you a place in the Cabinet.

I. D. (Canning Town, E.).—We judge from your letter with the riddle attached that you are quite a little girl. If so, please consider yourself kissed.

G. C. (St. James's).—"These lying adverts. about seaside resorts! They are nothing like the bills." Yet a member of our staff says his landlady handed him something nobody could have mistaken for anything else.

J. K. (Colchester).—"I have just had a perfect holiday—did absolutely nothing." You don't say which strike was yours, but we should like the missus to say a few words on the "perfect" part of it.

"B.Sc." (Dulwich).—"Couldn't something be done to liven the dull lives of teachers?" Might try letting a couple of hefty pupils loose with the cane occasionally.

MRS. G. (Leytonstone).—"Why are the post office collections so abominably early?" Perhaps the P.M.G. has some sympathy with sufferers from ladies' postscripts.

"HUMANITY" (Matlock).—"Why should we be taxed to look after the ignorant Arab and his desert?" We agree that if the Arab got his deserts, it would be much cheaper for the country.

C. T. (Winnipeg).—"Getting cash for a piano is a hard thing." Having lived through "Bubbles" played 150 times in one day, we could wish it were impossible.

A. T. K. AND OTHERS.—We have already commented severely on the Registrar-General's policy of leaving the selection of enumerators to local bodies, who made jobs for their friends and relatives, instead of choosing ex-soldiers in sore need of the pay.

E. W. M. (Manor Park).—"Are the Government thinking——" The reply to the first part is in the negative, and the point in the second part therefore does not arise.

G. V. (Stepney).—"Why did Churchill want to destroy those horses in Mespot?" Probably going back painting presently, and a few skeletons do make a desert a bit artistic.

"DISGUSTED" (Walsall).—"These tests showed that most of the children had one eye weaker than the other." Still, there is a little compensation—one eye must therefore be stronger than the other!

R. H. L. (Chingford).—"In reply, the man offered to send a small cheque." Thank him nicely, but tell him you would rather have the money.

C.3. (St. John's Wood).—"Nearly every championship has gone abroad. What *are* we coming to?" Don't give way to unmanly tears. This country still holds the Tax-Collecting Championship.

E. R. B. (Holborn).—The officials responsible for the settlement of claims against enemy debtors seem likely to qualify for Old Age Pensions before they finish their job.

"CHIEF STOKER" (Huntingdonshire).—We have made a careful note of your plans for the artificial production of rain. Meanwhile, you might try a few large scale experiments in the back garden.

"CONSTANT READER" (No address).—We should need a good deal more evidence before attacking the Slate Club you mention. Even your own name and address would be something to go on with.

C. N. (Pimlico, S.W.).—The lot of the Old Age Pensioners is still a hard one, but you will admit that we have done our best to serve their cause in the past.

E. B. (Chiswick).—We agree that employers might have the decency to send a courteous intimation when a vacancy is filled. Let us know how you get on.

T. C. (Simla).—Afraid cannot accept your manuscripts for "trenchant criticism." Ten to one, you'd be offended, and we should lose twopence per week.

H. B. (Southport).—"It isn't nice to have to go next door to do the washing." No, they can see through the curtains without opera-glasses that things are imitation lace.

"COMPETITION" (Notting Hill).—"Will you kindly stop enemy foreigners being employed at Somerset House?" If we find any such, they will get as much kindness as will lie on a boot toe.

F. G. W. (West Hampstead).—"Why pay women to do the Census?" Many women would have done it free—if only to find out the age of "that woman at No. 74"!

"O. P., LTD." (Manchester).—We raise a cheer for the Roneo people, who are lending machines free to hospitals sending out appeals for funds. Such help is as good as money, and other firms might well follow suit.

F. W. C. (Nottingham).—"Sales conducted on Risonable Terms." Ha, ha! Most risible.

"BOLSHY" (Midway).—From your letter, the red, white and blue apparently indicate the colours of your nose, liver and state of mind when offered a job.

N. & C. (Berwick).—"This district did a lot towards winning the war." That confirms the rumour that a couple of Yanks got stranded there about 1918.

"MUSICIAN" (Ilford).—"The average sea-side orchestra is capable of better things." In the last we heard, the only member with no wrong notes was the one with the collection box.

"TEE-TOT" (Westminster).—"Even if alcohol is a medicine, what good would it do if one is soaked in it?" He could at any rate show with what courage a man may "take his medicine."

A. F. H. (Kensington).—"I have a grievance, not having any money." That isn't a grievance, it's a habit.

S. A. H. (London, N.2).—"The ancient stiff corset is gone for ever." A lot of folks will be glad. They found it very wearing on the elbows, boarding a 'bus.

J. E. P. (Kurunnan, S.A.).—"Fancy only a ½d. stamp for this dud 'Prize Watch Offer' to reach me in the Kalahiri Desert!" While a genuine business letter here costs 2d.

J. A. (Guildford).—"The *Sunday Illustrated* Census advert. was very novel and daring." Novel perhaps, but why daring? Because it was the naked truth?

C. E. T. (Sheffield).—"I have only got one mother." That is quite in the order of nature, and you have no legitimate grievance.

"JACK" (Somerset).—We are distressed to learn that your "hearing passages are blocked up." Better see a plumber.

F. T. (Holloway).—The wholesale lapsing of small insurance policies is a scandal we have constantly attacked. Sorry if you have been bitten.

"TRAVELLER" (Liverpool).—We do not altogether blame the man who, in the lodging-house, "had the nerve to ask for the blankets." You could scarcely expect him to make shift with his pocket-handkerchief.

"DISTRESSED."—If you gave £200 to a man to invest in a theatrical company it is too late for our advice—which would have been "Don't."

L. D. (Birmingham).—"Think of the terrible ravages of the liquor traffic." Yes, a couple of modest "liveners" make an awful hole in one's change.

"DONE" (Brighton).—"1s. for a cup of coffee! Isn't there a law to stop it?" Under present conditions, we should think the "Law of Supply and Demand."

A. B. (Morden).—"The Census lady brought her servant and a pram with the baby to deliver the papers." The idea possibly was that any woman touchy about her age might safely trust it to the youngster!

T. B. (Clapham).—"Cannot something be done to stop congestion in the Underground?" On the spur of the moment, we can only suggest filleting a few passengers.

"OLD CONTEMP." (Camden Town).—"Frenzied fakers of finance" is a noble effort, but slightly inaccurate. The fakers furnish the finance and the fakees find the frenzy.

M. G. (Otley).—A perfect lady would never be a road hog.

The phenomenal success in Journalism—SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

(LETTER BAG.—(Continued).

ANON. (Kemble St.).—"If we didn't complete the Census paper, the lodging-housekeeper refused us a bed!" Why object? In both cases the sole desire was to fill the sheets.

J. T. (Bury St. Edmunds).—It would be a less roundabout way to distribute the six tons of coal as coal, than to burn it on a roundabout to collect funds to relieve distress.

"READER" (Belmont).—"I must send you some cigars." Sure you have the right address? We don't recollect patronising your stall at 'appy 'ampstead!

A. T. (Liverpool).—"Surely, Belgium, having suffered, should not be guilty of cruelty to old horses?" You can bet heavily that not one of the horse-traffic skunks ever got even a scratch.

"ADMIRER" (Glastonbury).—We note that the Government recently "bought a whole house" in your district, but before we could say whether this was "shameful extravagance" or not, we should have to know whether it was to be used as an office or as a waste-paper bin.

"CRITIC" (Leeds).—It was a pity to reprove your small son for reading our Sunday article. It isn't his fault if he has more sense than his father.

REV. J. L. T. (Ongar).—"Your paper is a most powerful organ, making for national righteousness." Such unsolicited testimonials are received with grateful thanks.

A. B. (Rangoon).—"It gives us much pleasure to read the battles you have waged for the poor and needy in distress." For those sweet words, best thanks.

C. T. (Canada).—"To Hell with German goods!" That's right, sonny; keep shouting!

J. B. (Liphook).—"I have discovered a means to form flesh and skin for any body." Hope you will make old bones as well.

V. K. (Bradford). — Healthy-minded people steer clear of spiritualistic quacks. We fear we cannot help the feeble-minded.

E. M. B. (Golder's Green).—"The evidence appears inconclusive to those unacquainted to procedure." Which really means that those who know the rules don't believe the evidence. Why not say so?

L. E. V. (Dorchester).—"I don't think the Yank is any quicker than we are." Then you have never seen one move when the dinner-bell goes.

M. B. (Reigate).—"People are taking the housing problem quietly because it is summer time." And in winter the Government will suggest that a little overcrowding will save coal.

J. B. P. (Isleworth).—What's the matter with your alarm clock? Our "Sweepstake Query" was a protest against allowing "sweeps" in the Stock Exchange and forbidding them elsewhere.

R. M. A. (Tottenham).—"Can you tell me why the poor landlord wants more rent?" Well, he may be an orphan, or is building a church, or perhaps he thinks you don't need the money.

A. J. D. (Leyton).—"We should like to know whether it is a usual thing to send regrets to a Bridal Pair." Unusual, but sometimes appropriate.

T. R. (Edinburgh). — Compulsory periodic medical examinations up to the age of twenty-five! Heavens, no! The National Health Insurance Act wastes enough money as it is.

C. J. C. (Pimlico, S.W.).—Since you wish it, your letter shall not be shown to a living soul. To make sure, we are sitting on it.

MRS. J. B. H. (Norfolk).—"If we are to be saved, it will only be by straight and just gentlemen." Quite so. Although perhaps one or two nice ladies might be invited to assist.

W. A. H. (Biggleswade).—We note that you bought a book for sixpence and didn't like it. That's the worst of squandering money without earnest forethought.

E. B. (Salisbury).—Sorry you think we are desecrating the Sabbath by bringing out a new Sunday paper. Perhaps you have changed your mind now that you have seen it.

MRS. H. (Battersea Rise, S.W.).—So you think palmists should be licensed by the "medicinal profession." Don't you think it might be better if they were certified by the Bench of Bishops?

"REBECCA" (Plaistow).—"If he worked in a coal-yard he would still be mine." Yours is either undying affection, or you have seen the figures of a coal business.

"WIDOW" (Barking).—"All I want is work and justice." A charlady friend says the easiest way to get the first is marrying again.

A. M. W. (Ilford).—"It is quite O.K. sleeping in a field." Then we may expect to see advertised "Very select unfurnished fields to let. Small premium."

"DISGUSTED" (Piccadilly).—"Do you know, I think the fish in London is better than at the seaside." Yes, one escapes the lies of the man who caught it.

E. H. (Victoria) AND OTHERS.—We are offering no prizes to collectors of empty matchboxes, cigarette ends, or other rubbish. But if you have a few thousand unsmoked Corona Coronas and send them along, we will gladly forward you a fountain-pen.

W. J. (Brondesbury). — "I give 37,220,179 as the Census, including children born to-night." If there should be triplets, that would rather upset your estimate.

J. B. K. (Glasgow).—"Now I do hope you will remember our Anti-waste, preferably Scotch." Madam, we never waste it.

"EX-SERVICE" (Blackpool) sends us a pamphlet extolling the beauties of Blackpool in German. Pre-war, surely.

S. A. N (Wimbledon).—"Many people do not seem to realise book-keeping is a science." Quite a good way to keep books is to lose the book-case key when a borrower appears.

A. B. C. (Peckham).—"£370,000 loss on the trams to be made up out of the rates!" It might be done if that meant the rates of salaries of the highly-paid and incompetent officials.

S. O. J. (Cleethorpes).—"I have been passed on from Department to Department." Perhaps you will find it cheaper to take a "season," calling at every corridor.

H. E. C. (Scarboro').—"Two and a half years have elapsed since promises were made to ex-Service-men." Haven't you realised yet that those I.O.U.s are only presentable at election-time?

B. H. M. (Gloucester).—Certainly 2s. reward for returning a lost £40 worth is small, but invested at 5 per cent. compound interest, in 80 years it would be about 3 guineas, which is not so bad.

"OVERWORKED" (Ipswich).—"The high officials want settling—and stiff." What about pole-axing a platoon or so of them, to begin with?

E. M. (Birmingham).—Some could work if they would, and some would work if they could. The trouble is to replace the could-if-would by the would-if-could.

J. D. (Birkenhead).—We cannot quite make out what it is you have "had in your mind for a year or two." Perhaps if you could hike it out we might get it sized up better.

T. W. D. (Hadleigh).—Your poem to hand. At the moment, you may be interested to know, the office boy is busy copying it into a grubby note-book.

"SYMPATHISER" (London, E.C.). — We have not observed the absence of leading articles on the Irish question to which you call attention. Between ourselves, you haven't missed much.

"FARM WORKER."—We do not quite follow your statement that there are "12,000,000 sweat labourers" in this country. What is the precise nature of their duties?

"NOVO CASTRA" (N-U-T).—"I got no Census paper, and I know a whole street which didn't." The only remedy is for the Registrar-General to issue a supplement showing "Also ran——."

J. D. (Bermondsey). — Grammatical errors and mistakes in punctuation will not prevent your success, if the meaning of your "Bullet" is clear to the adjudicators.

J. W. (Kennington).—"A pity time and money should be wasted looking for a blue tiger." Yes, with a couple of bottles of so-called Scotch you could get a whole "Rainbow Zoo"!

"KICKED-OUT" (London, W.C.).—"What do you think of a mere manager who gets more than the Premier?" Still, you must bear in mind the manager has to run *his* show at a profit.

"FED-UP" (Sheffield).—"I am willing to go anywhere—even where the flies go in winter." You wouldn't get any peace. Quite a lot of people are hunting for that locality.

"DORA" (Cambridge).—"I felt like a grease spot when I got here." Had you been sitting on what the poets call "the marge"?

F. F. (Buckden).—"Dickens' unabashed, Harold Skimpole had not the Tax-gathering element." No, the ideal Tax-gatherer is a mixture of Captain Kidd, Dick Turpin and Charles Peace.

E. T. H. (Brockley).—"Using the old Field postcards would get over the five-word allowance for 1d." Yes, but how would it work with "Don't forget to feed the parrot"?

S. G. (Sheffield).—"Awake, JOHN BULL and with thy pen double the millions the miners need." Certainly,—but we fear that kind of habit, once acquired, is hard to shake off.

"REGULAR READER" (Reading).—"What will disinfect a house and goods after tuberculosis?" Taking a layman's advice is looking for trouble in such a serious situation. Ask the local Sanitary Authorities.

J. McN. (Stirling).—"I have been a dreamer for the last 40 years." But the worst is that unsympathetic people don't always wake one up for meals.

G. M. (London, W.C.).—"Pons Winnecke is too faint to see without a telescope." Sorry, we haven't any sympathy to waste on comets, however faint they may feel.

W. E. M. (South Kensington).—"Isn't 14s. 6d. for a single room at an hotel a bit stiff?" Had you an extra large bag? Perhaps they thought you were buying the place.

M. D. (Wakefield).—"I tell my husband that only fools are led by the nose." Yes, a safe plan is to take the precaution to be born with a snub, which gives a poor grip.

R. T. (Sierra Leone).—Glad to hear the nigger in his native land is so much nicer than most we have met here.

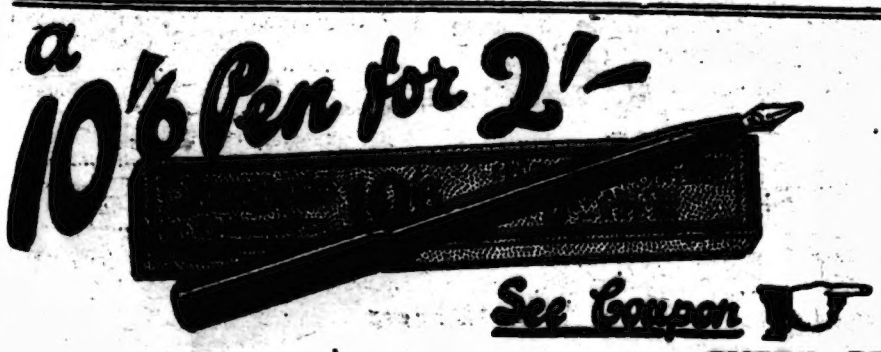
W. M. (Colchester).—Since your postcard arrived describing a place "where the pubs are open all day," half our staff have been wandering round with their tongues hanging out.

W. H. M. (Sheffield).—"Let us see in your next issue 'Liquor Restrictions Gone.'" Sorry; we wouldn't print a lie to please the Archangel Gabriel.

"THE UNKNOWN."—We cannot make out what it is we have done that you regard as "a very cruel sin in the eyes of the Creator." Perhaps you would be rude enough to give fuller details.

J. E. W. (Birmingham).—Your conundrum in regard to French guns used in the late war has taken our middle stump. Suggest you try a prepaid telegram to the Ministry of Munitions.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)



EVERY PEN IS GUARANTEED.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/-, and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. [July 9th, 1921.

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull," and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

A FORTUNE for a FEW WORDS!

BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2nd Prize £100

10 PRIZES OF £5

50 Prizes of 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

3rd Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £2-10/-

200 Prizes of 5/-

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example —FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 418.

LLOYD GEORGE'S POSITION	WHILE WE'RE ASLEEP	WITHOUT LABOUR	AT THE RACES
WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS	APPETITE FOR WORK	THE LAST STRIKE	RUINED
WHERE BOTTOMLEY LEADS	THE OTHER WOMAN	SEASIDE FLAPPER	HASTY KNOCK
THANKS TO GOVERNMENT	ELECTION PROMISES	HER OWN WAY	WELL OILED
WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD	PAYING FOR HOLIDAY	MIXED BATHING	SUNDAY BEST
DANGEROUS TO STATE	MAN AT THE WHEEL	LIKE CHILDREN	DREAMING
MY WIFE'S AMBITION	WELL ADVERTISED	LOT TO LEARN	MAD ACT
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS	IKEY'S BUSINESS	STILL WAITING	ALL BRITISH
NO HANDS WANTED	TIME WILL TELL	I WISH THAT	DAY OF REST
WHAT WAR TAUGHT US	THE ECONOMY AXE	MAN TO BLAME	WORK

Closing Date, Thursday, July 21st.

No.____
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet

(418) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed____
Address____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 21st.

No.____
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet

(418) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed____
Address____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 418. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 21st.

No.____
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet

(418) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed____
Address____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 21st.

No____
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet

(418) P.O. No.____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed____
Address____

Result of Competition No. 416 ("Bullets" £1,000 Offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 418.

TEACHING HER SWIMMING	FELLOW WORKERS
A LONG TIME	LOST SIGHT OF
NATION'S HEART	BLUNDERING
UNITED	GOOD NEWS
PLENTY OF ROOM	PUT AWAY
CLEAN FORGOTTEN	BATTLE OF LIFE
NOTHING TO SPARE	BONNY BABY
MY DELIGHT	LION AND LAMB
A FAT LOT	LIKE FURY
MOTHER COUNTRY	CARRIED TOO FAR

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, July 21st.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **418** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 418, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 418.

RESULT OF OUR THIRD CRICKET COMPETITION.

In this Competition the following four competitors each sent a coupon giving correct forecasts of the ten matches played June 18th-24th. They, therefore, divide the prize of £250, each receiving £62 10s.:

A. Christie, 51, Jewel Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

A. E. Crabb, 18, Admaston Road, Plumstead.

A Crossley, 27, Lewis Street, Halifax.

J. Lomas, 23, Shipton Street, Bolton.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

July 9 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept. 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

July 9, 1921. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

BIGGEST WEEKLY CRICKET PRIZE !

£250 for ONLY TEN RESULTS MUST BE WON

MUST BE WON! £250 FOR A CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT FORECAST OF ONLY TEN RESULTS!

GREAT ONE-WEEK COMPETITION

This Competition is exclusive to "JOHN BULL"; coupons do not appear in various other papers.

YOU CAN ONLY USE COUPONS TAKEN FROM THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

THE sum of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £250 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £250 MUST BE WON. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

ONLY TEN RESULTS! NO ENTRANCE FEE!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issue of "JOHN BULL." Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £250 (Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of the ten matches given. If no competitor succeeds in giving all ten correct results, the sum of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £250. Matches once started and not played to a finish will be considered as drawn. Should a match be abandoned without a ball being bowled, it will be disregarded in awarding the £250 prize.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) Any coupon on which an alteration of any kind has been made will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than July 14th, will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up with ink!

Cut out Coupon neatly, and address all entries as follows: **Cricket Competition No. 7, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Cricket" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Cricket Competition No. 3 appears on the opposite page.

"JOHN BULL" FREE CRICKET COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 14th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED JULY 16TH-22ND.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Surrey	v.	Middlesex			
Kent	v.	Lancashire			
Leicestershire	v.	Somerset			
Warwickshire	v.	Hampshire			
Essex	v.	Gloucestershire			
Surrey	v.	Lancashire			
Worcestershire	v.	Hampshire			
Sussex	v.	Somerset			
Warwickshire	v.	Leicestershire			
Yorkshire	v.	Australians			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Cricket Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(7) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

SUMMER DIET MISTAKES.

Precautions You Shou'd Take.

In summer many people lose appetite, and from this draw conclusions that are not medically sound. Some say that in summer the body does not require so many meals; but this is wrong.

Certainly the body does not require so many elements that create heat, but it does require as many energy-giving elements, and cannot find these in the unsubstantial meals usually partaken of with the idea of "keeping cool."

Your stomach needs new blood summer or winter, and the best method of renewing the blood and strengthening the digestion is by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills combat the poisons in the blood and create new blood. By this natural process you remedy your debility, the system being toned up and the overworked nerves invigorated.

Dealers in your own locality sell these Dr. Williams' pink pills; or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

FREE.—Be guided by the simple rules in the diet book, "What to Eat," sent free to any reader from Offer Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, on receipt of a post card.—ADVT.

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complete in plated box with velvet lining, and one blade. The razor has a detachable handle, is extremely easy to clean, and when not in use takes no more room than an ordinary match box. It is well adapted for use with Gillette blades, and blades made on Gillette pattern.

Send your postal order for **3/6**

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